THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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Correspondence

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—As the translator of Professor Jean-H. Mariéjol's "Master of t Armada," may I ask your hospitality for the following translation by myself his reply to Mr. Milton Waldman's criticism of the book in your pages?

Yours, etc.,
WARRE B. WELLS.

SIR,—It would, I quite agree, be unfortunate if a biographer of Philip were familiar with no other book than Froude's, though it is not to be despise But this reproach does not touch me, for all my works show that I have dra upon other English sources dealing with the sixteenth century. The wh history of England, I may add, is not to be found in England.

It is still more unfortunate that the critic of a book about Philip II shou be unfamiliar with the great collections of documents published on the Contine by learned Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, Spaniards, etc. I merely invo my bibliography and notes, lest I should make further demands on the conce tration of a critic who is bored by books too closely packed for his liking. Mr. Milton Waldman were better acquainted with foreign sources, he would n protest so vehemently against some of my statements. His own statements connection with Spanish affairs display an effrontery which he seeks to attribu to me, but which I insist on leaving to him.

I am even driven to decline the sole compliment he is good enough to p me: that I think the same as himself about Philip II's personality. I said the hard things about this Sovereign which one is bound to say. He was intoleran He was cruel. I made no attempt to cover up his faults and failings. But should reproach myself, as an impartial historian, if I saw nothing more in hi than the "narrow-minded man," the "little King," of whom the writer of yo review speaks. No; he was a King, if not a great King. He had a high id of his duties, and, whether he understood them well or ill, he devoted his wh life to them. He sacrificed his son, Don Carlos, to the future of the monarchy.

That is my conclusion. It is the result of prolonged study, and I maintai it, with the sole desire that the truth shall prevail, against all Mr. Waldman preconceived ideas and prejudices.

Yours, etc.,
JEAN-H. MARIÉJOL,
Honorary Professor in the Faculty of Lette of the University of Lyons.

Lyons, 32 Cours de la Liberté Antibes (Alpes-M^es),
Rabiac, Chemin de l'Estagnol-Rabiac.

Income Tax

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The shearing season is fast approaching and the annual bleatin of the unfortunate sheep will shortly be heard and appear in the Press. T flock, being shepherdless, is unable to help itself. The metaphor may be slight mixed, but the fact remains that as a body the Income Tax payers are total unrepresented, with the result that their votes can be more or less ignored, sin they are at the mercy of about thirteen times their number of voters who p no income tax and who cry out for more and more benefits from the public purs The average income of these victims is something less than £1,000 per annu and they subscribe about five-eighths of the revenue demanded by successiv Governments. They represent the most thrifty and industrious portion of t State, which is thus penalising these desirable qualities in its citizens. Wh incentive, therefore, is there to-day for anyone to save and make provision f the future? Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow the Tax Collect

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will take one-quarter of our earnings, and, when we die, anything up to a half of our savings.

As the law stands, an income-tax payer is mulcted in a certain proportion of his profits. There is no fixed limit, and yet the country does not cost more to run simply because the earnings of its citizens happen to increase in any one year. When such a gratifying position arises, the existing principle is for the authorities to look round and see where they can spend the surplus, instead of at once reducing one of the main causes of unemployment—the burden of income tax—which is crippling every form of enterprise. We are exhorted by our leaders to display confidence. What prospect is there of confidence when every employer of labour knows that the money he should have to extend his business is to be ruthlessly taken from him to meet sectional demands and secure votes from the irresponsibles? It is a foolish argument to say that indirect taxation is no less a burden than income tax, for everybody pays the former and only about two-and-a-half million voters are singled out to pay both indirect and direct taxation. In certainly one of the Dominions no citizen has a vote unless he pays Income Tax, a policy that might well be copied here. The State may be likened to a household, of which the Government is the housekeeper. The house does not cost more to run because in any one year the inmates happen to make extra profits, and the housekeeper has no right to exact higher subscriptions from her employers solely on that account.

The societies formed for the protection of tax payers can do little more than prevent over-charges on their members and petition the Chancellor of the day on minor grievances. They cannot, or do not, attack the basic principle of the injustice, and are treated, in consequence, by the Treasury merely as safety-valves.

A bold cut of two shillings in the pound would, I believe, create such a revival in trade that there need be no fear of a Budget deficit at the end of the year.

Failing that, why not inaugurate a Five Year Plan for expenditure and taxation? Surely, by this time our leaders must know within a reasonable margin of security what it costs to run the country. Let them stabilize the expenditure for five years, and at the same time *stabilize taxation* for a like period. There would then be some chance of restoring the much-needed confidence on the part of employers. To quote an instance. A friend of mine, an employer of labour on a fairly large scale and, incidentally, a strenuous welfare worker and public benefactor in an unobtrusive way, has in the past been making profits of £20,000 a year. He has paid about £9,600 per annum in taxation. If he knew that his taxation would be limited to that figure for five years, he would at once employ extra capital (now lying on deposit in the bank or invested in stocks and shares with prospects of a rise in value, outside his own business) sufficient to bring him in another £10,000 a year. His profit, less the fixed tax, would then amount to about £20,000 instead of the original £20,000 less £9,600, i.e. £10,400, and to *enable him to achieve this he would have to employ 25 per cent. more hands.* The process would be cumulative, more capital invested in his business, more and more hands employed. Not knowing at present how he will stand as regards taxation from year to year, he dare not take such a risk.

It will require a real statesman to carry through such a plan. He would, of course, be met by cries for "restoration of cuts," higher wages, and "no interference with the people's standard of living." But will our people never realize that the cost of living is governed entirely by, and nothing else than, wages? A block of gold in the ground is valueless until wages are spent on men to dig it out! We are and have been, ever since the war, living far above our income, and some authorities even go so far as to state that we are really bankrupt because, instead of extending our businesses by the investment of our savings, we are mortgaging the future by raising money for that purpose on our problematical future earnings.

Yours, etc.,

White's. JOHN C. DANIELL.

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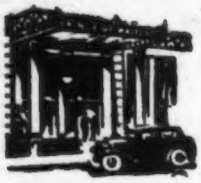

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

JANUARY, 1934

" The general effect of Government action, national and local, since 1924 has been to add to the national burdens. These have now attained to such a proportion that they must be considered definitely restrictive of industrial enterprise and employment."

" The country must face the disagreeable fact that the public expenditure—and in this we include local as well as national expenditure—is too high and it must be brought down to a lower level."

" Our concern, however, is for the future. If action is limited to adjustments of expenditure and income, experience since the War does not allow us to hope for that sustained effort for national economy which we regard as essential to the restoration of prosperity. Some further action is needed if retrenchment is not soon to give way once more to expansion as has happened twice in the short period since the War."

[Extracts from the " May Committee's " Report on Public Expenditure.

The Financial Position

IT is already clear that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have a surplus at the end of the financial year, due mainly to savings on unemployment relief and in part to the very low rate of interest throughout the year, which has reduced the cost of the floating debt far below the estimated figure. Customs revenue will also, it appears, show an increase over the budget estimate, but we shall need more evidence than is yet available

before we can be satisfied that the yield of taxation as a whole is increasing substantially. It will be observed, of course, that the largest part of the savings on the estimated expenditure are accounted for not by any change of policy in the direction of economy but simply by an overestimate by the Treasury in regard to unemployment. The saving on the floating debt must also be discounted. The abnormally low rates of interest which have prevailed during most of the year will necessarily rise as soon as trade revives, and, indeed, the fact that they are beginning to rise is a hopeful sign. Of savings due to economies, and increased receipts from taxation due to expanding business and rising prices, there are but scanty signs, except in the case of the Post Office receipts, the expansion in which indicates increased business activity but not necessarily an increase in profits.

The Level of Prosperity

THE prospects of business in 1934 are definitely better than they were at this time last year. It is very far from certain, however, to what extent the signs of activity are accounted for by the *automatic* reaction from the extreme of depression caused by replenishment of stocks and so on. The lamentable history of business activity since the war can be summed up in the gibe that yesterday's slump is to-day's boom. The Government are, for instance, to-day taking credit for the fact that unemployment may even, by March, fall below 2,000,000. They do not think it necessary to remind the electorate—and indeed they are right, for the electorate are perfectly aware of it—that the 2,000,000 figure represents the high-water mark of the slump of 1921–22 and was not even approached in the slump of 1926. Any depression must in time cure itself to some extent. Necessary works of capital re-equipment cannot be indefinitely postponed. Stocks, however slowly they be cleared, must come to an

end some day. Further, there is the weighty psychological factor. People begin after a time to expect a revival, and by expecting it and preparing for it, they create it. The question of the *level* of prosperity to which we return is, however, the vital one. In 1927–28 we were told to think of one million as the normal burden of disemployment, in contradistinction from unemployment. Are we, only five years later, to be asked to accept 2,000,000 or thereabouts as the new figure of those for whom British industry as at present organized is permanently unable to provide. Are we now to be asked to accept, if not 5s. in the £, then 4s. 6d. in the £, as the normal burden of taxation? Are we definitely asked to abandon all constructive effort towards a higher wholesale price level, while maintaining national and local expenditure at roughly £1,000 million a year? Is it to be the height of our ambitions to put back on the land the numbers there employed in 1929? Are we to all intents and purposes at the end of our programme of reconstructive effort? Are we going to ask the people to rest content where they stand to-day and to accept it as the best that private enterprise can do?

The Government, the Surplus, and the Next Election

THE answer to these questions must come from the Government. It will be given in the course of 1934. The Government cannot stand still. On the one hand it may adopt "back to 1929" as its slogan; begin, or promise to begin, restoring the "cuts"; extend its housing subsidies; pursue its free-trade policy of using tariffs primarily as a weapon on behalf of the export trades; and work for a return to gold at a figure of parity approximate to the present gold value of sterling. If so, the Government will not reform the House of Lords, still less attempt any more radical measure of constitutional reconstruction. On the contrary, it will prepare to fight the next election on the appeal to fear, with

Sir Stafford Cripps cast for the part of the bogey-man, and the absence of a strong Second Chamber as the main argument for returning a moderate government to office. At the back of this calculation are two assumptions not, perhaps, probable but both quite possible. The first is that the restoration of some part of the cuts and the necessary remission of direct taxation can both be effected in the life of this Parliament without so neglecting the defence services as to lose Conservative support. The second assumption is that the Government can ride roughshod over the right-wing Conservatives in the matter of India and force the White Paper proposals through both Houses.

Some Questions that need an Answer

IT is quite useless at this date to argue as to the electoral results of such a policy. If unemployment continued to diminish and if the new Labour policy proves to be red rather then pink, the appeal to fear might yield a small majority; what matters is the ultimate wisdom of the policy. Was the May Committee right or wrong when they said there could be no real recovery without a permanent and large reduction in public expenditure? And were they right or wrong in their expressed view that without some measure of constitutional reform such reduction would never be achieved? Is there, in fact, any connection between the *rate* of Government expenditure and the prosperity of industry, or is the balancing of the budget all that matters? Is there or is there not any virtue in the argument that expenditure on the debt service and the social services is merely a method of redistributing the national income? Again, is it true or untrue that the modern science of mass production necessitates a progressive reduction in the hours of labour, if our people are to be re-employed? And is it true that private enterprise is really unfitted to the needs of the new age, and that

what is wanted is an indefinite and rapid extension of committees and commissions and quotas and subsidies and boards? Are we moving wisely or with reckless folly to the elimination of competition, the forcible extinction of the small trader and producer and the final abolition of economic freedom? Is the world moving towards an era of economic self-sufficiency, or are we to expect and to work for an ultimate revival of international trade on the scale of the last century? Finally, when we proclaim to the rest of Europe and Asia the proved virtues of Parliamentary democracy, are we proclaiming a truth or a hope or a lie?

Why the National Government are losing Prestige

IT is the obvious fact that the Government, though unable to give a united answer to any one of these problems, is still determined to remain in office, which in part accounts for its loss of prestige at home and abroad. The man in the street respects the Socialists. They have a clear aim which they are not afraid to define. He respects the right wing Conservative leaders for their resolute and precise challenge to the Government's policy on India and defence. He is beginning to respect Sir Oswald Mosley for his blunt challenge to the Parliamentary system. But he does not respect the present Government, however long he may be prepared to tolerate it. This is not to be wondered at, because it is an under-statement to say that the Government does not respect itself. It knows that its claim to be a National Government is false, and that it enjoys, as a Government, the confidence not of three parties but of none. It is maintained in office by the inability of the Conservative party to define its own policy and by the personal prestige of Mr. Baldwin in the House and the country. Both the House and the country know, however, that the questions we have specified, and there are many others, must be answered in time. It is clever to talk about

machinery and never about the purpose in view, but such cleverness must in the long run defeat itself by making the public sceptical of the importance of fundamentals. That is the shortest cut to Socialism, and we are taking it to-day.

Principles and Practical Politics

PRINCIPLES alone matter in practical politics. If the principles be sound, the rest will follow. An appeal to principle is the only kind of appeal which can unite a people, and an attack on principles sincerely held can always be resisted for a period sufficiently long to defeat any attempt at a *coup d'état*. For this reason we hope that some effective statement of Conservative aims may be made at an early day, and that the statement may be found acceptable to the present leaders of the party. If we are to drift back to the semi-socialism from which the country expected to be delivered by the National Government, the future is black. It matters little to honest people what government or what party organization is in office. If the principles pursued are unsound, the present order will collapse. We believe that the cardinal aim of conservative policy should be the restoration of property on the widest possible basis of distribution as the only sure foundation of private enterprise and family responsibility. We see no evidence which differentiates so-called rationalization from socialism either in its calamitous economic results or in its social evil. Both schemes look forward to a world riddled with bureaucracy, fettered with control at every turn, with a guaranteed subsistence offered in return for the surrender of economic and personal liberty. Both schemes promise efficiency and both deny the condition of efficiency in business enterprise which is personal responsibility. This conditon is absolute, because it is inherent in the nature of men and things.

The Conservative Philosophy

THE issue, however, lies deeper by far. We can, for the sake of argument, grant the efficiency, and yet we must, if we have any understanding at all of the Conservative philosophy, reject the suggested new order. You cannot solve the problem of slavery by supplying the slaves with cheap goods, even in abundance. The secret of enjoyment lies in ownership, not in use; human dignity and human personality demand the risks of inequality and the risk of personal loss, as the price of their continuance on the scale of potentiality necessary to maintain a progressive civilization. The cry of the people in this mechanized age is not for more goods, but for the restoration of their status as individuals. It is this passionate desire for status which has inspired and energized and made invincible the Fascist movements on the Continent. If we wish to preserve our own social order against the attacks of similar movements we can only do so by meeting the needs out of which these movements grew. It is absurd to argue about the merits of one machine of government or another. What matters is not the machine or the men, but the end in view. The machinery of the Fascist revolution might be employed to create a slave State: the machinery of Parliament might be employed to restore liberty, to secure and maintain a widely distributed system of property and to establish the ethical state. Conservatives are pledged to no one constitutional device, but they must hold themselves quite clearly pledged to one philosophy. There are, unfortunately, signs that the Conservative party is falling into the fatal error of trying to find a basis of coherence in a fixed determination to uphold its own party machine and the unreformed parliamentary system, and is ready to compromise on any principle provided it can keep the political machine intact. This policy may succeed for a year or even a decade, but it will ultimately fail because without unity of purpose no party or government can fulfil the necessary task of reconstruction. The time is getting short.

The Spanish Elections

THE decisive victory of the Right in Spain is the subject of comment in Sir Charles Petrie's notes on foreign affairs this month. We refer to the matter here because of the attitude adopted by *The Times*. Not content with acclaiming the socialist "victory" in Madrid as a steadying influence, our leading newspaper took the usual course of refusing to publish a letter challenging this extraordinary statement. We fully appreciate that no newspaper can undertake to give publicity to everyone who disagrees with its views, but the attitude of *The Times* to the extremely discreditable régime now ended has gone a good way beyond that indifferent if complacent tolerance to which we have become accustomed. If a régime such as Spain has had to endure were established in this country, all that *The Times* rightly stands for would disappear. To suggest, as has been so often suggested in the English press, that the now discredited régime, under which Spain has suffered so grievously, represented progress for the Spanish people, was not only insulting, but, as events have proved, absurd. The régime was installed by a *coup d'état* and has been destroyed by the first free vote of the electorate. Our attitude to this gang of uneasy conspirators has happily not impressed the Spanish people; it has, however, done great harm to our own prestige abroad, by casting more than a doubt on the sincerity of our monarchist and traditionalist sympathies.

Some Insidious Propaganda

WE are glad to learn that one great London newspaper has called on its Spanish correspondent for an explanation of his persistent eulogies of the late administration and his glowing prophecies of their impending triumph at the polls. The same paper, we learn, has been inundated with articles in the last three months

from English sources showering praise on Azaña and, his government. These articles, we are informed, showed every indication of being part of an organized campaign. The attempt to mobilize world opinion by careful propaganda put forward under the guise of academic and impartial surveys of the situation is not new. It has been one of the most potent weapons of the world revolution since the eighteenth century. It is time, however, that conservative writers ceased to help this propaganda on its way by adopting all the false premisses on which the revolutionary philosophy rests. The first of them is the doctrine of an automatic progress, with the necessary deduction that "we can't go back." This palpable absurdity is given a thin covering of scientific eyewash when we are told that the world is in a state of "evolution." The world, of course, is not an organism, and, in so far as civilizations follow a law of development, this law indicates a period of creative activity, a period of maturity and a period of rapid and continuous decline. We do not accept this view as being *necessarily* true of *all civilizations*. It is, however, *unquestionably* true *of all civilizations which the world has known*, and if we wish to adopt the fatalist position, we must, if we are to be scientific, accept ultimate decline and not continuous progress as the "law" to which civilizations conform. What at least is certain is that the fate of organized societies is hazardous in the extreme, that none, so far, has escaped disaster, and that if societies cannot in fact "go back" but must necessarily drift with the tide of tendencies, they will drift to ruin.

Not Practical Politics

"BUT, my dear Sir, what is the use of talking in this way? These theories are all very well, and, for aught I know, you may be right; but it is no good talking this sort of thing at elections. Do be practical."

I have ventured to anticipate the comment of those

few who may have, with increasing irritation, waded through the last long paragraph. I would, however, remind our "practical" friends that the people who sell wireless sets do not need to teach the electro-magnetic theory to their customers, but that if those who design the sets are ignorant of the theoretical basis of wireless telegraphy, the sets will not work and the sales will stop. The limits and character of what is "practical" in politics are wholly and absolutely determined by theoretic considerations, by the nature of man, the nature of God, and the nature of society. To try and formulate any policy at all without a clear view on these questions is to build on the sand.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"Indirect Rule" in Africa

By the Earl of Iddesleigh

BRITAIN is experiencing—optimistically we say passing through—a period of cultural agnosticism. Berdyae v. in "The End of Our Time," attributes it to the dying of Renaissance culture, the "finding out" or "wearing out" of humanism, and our failure to replace the humanist gnosis with a profounder, supernatural gnosis. Our fathers knew, with great precision, what their culture was; they entertained no fundamental and no important doubts about the universal validity of the concepts on which that culture rested. We, as a nation, do not know; our convictions are fluid. Individuals possess certitudes, but these certitudes conflict. The nation is, increasingly, uncertain and culturally agnostic. This agnosticism affects, and will increasingly affect, our imperial destiny.

There are two factors in imperialism: cultural expansion and exploitation.* These two factors are inevitably present in any empire. The original motive in imperialism is usually exploitation; men go (as settlers, as rulers or as traders) to undeveloped countries in order to own land or to make money there, or, as an occasional secondary motive, to recruit troops. Cultural expansion inevitably follows; the mere presence of a man of higher culture—however poor a specimen of that culture he may personally be—in a country of lower culture will ensure the alteration, and probably the disintegration, of the lower culture. Schools or no schools, every European who leaves his continent is an educationist. Cultural expansion, in its turn, by creating new desires, frequently affords further opportunities for exploitation.

We should be profoundly concerned with the effects of British cultural agnosticism upon the races of lower

* Exploitation means using for one's own ends. The word is not here used in a bad sense or in a Marxian sense.

culture over which we rule in our Crown Colonies and Mandated Territories in Africa.

The Victorian period was the classic age of British imperialism. Immense new territories were then acquired; others were settled. Trade vastly increased; government became effective, and the Crown succeeded the Chartered Companies. The British were in that age incomparably the most successful imperialists. I suggest that this was due less to the inherent qualities of the English and Scots than to the more complete acceptance by them of nineteenth-century culture. France, torn between Republicanism and Monarchism, Religion and Irreligion, was less sure of herself, less culturally gnostic, and so less successful.

The Victorian British* were imbued with a culture which satisfied nearly all of them. Fiercely though they quarrelled on certain issues, their fundamental agreement was profound and sincere. That was why Parliamentary institutions flourished in that age; that was why they painted the map red. The Victorian, to use one of his own most revealing phrases, "knew what he knew." He was perfectly prepared at any moment to judge. He could, without hesitation (for Carlyle and the few geniuses who queried aspects of Victorian culture were not taken very seriously) divide all things into categories —good and bad, true and untrue. He could list them:

Good.	*Bad.*
Christianity.	Idolatry.
Industrialism.	Slavery.
Prison punishment.	Corporal punishment.
Science.	Witchcraft.

And so on.

Good and bad, true and untrue, were for the Victorian, as they have nearly always been for the mass of men

* It was British culture that spread. In some respects British culture is weaker than either English or Scottish culture. Obviously, it is less historic.

everywhere, absolute terms.* That which was good in England was also good outside England. Except temporarily and for limited practical purposes, the Victorian did not think, as we think, of things being "good for the native," good, that is to say, in a relative and not in an absolute sense.

Thus the Victorian both unconsciously spread, and, with the development of educational institutions, consciously imposed his own culture—not because he thought of it as his own, but because he knew that it was the true and even the only culture.

The process of exploitation, of course, continued steadily, with results for the natives that were sometimes good—it raised their standard of comfort—and sometimes bad. It continues to-day, increasingly checked by Government action—but always a strong factor in our (still stronger in other nations') imperialism. The system of native reserves limits exploitation to some, but not to a very great, extent—as the recent case of the Kenya gold finds showed.

But we neo-Georgians differ widely from the Victorians in the matter of the cultural expansion that is ultimately the most vital factor in imperialism. Cultural certainty is passing; at home it has practically disappeared. It is true that Colonial Civil Servants, missionaries and traders are, by reason of their prolonged absences from home, less affected by the agnostic wave than are their stay-at-home counterparts. To converse with a man who has spent his life in the Colonies is often to converse with a man of a past (and healthier) age; we envy but cannot achieve his certainties. But the effects of our agnosticism are naturally making themselves felt in the Colonial Empire, and all the more because, in the sphere of government, Colonial experience itself has fostered doubts of the Victorian culture.

* If we find anything ridiculous in this abrupt categorization, it is our agnosticism, not the Victorian gnosticism, that is at fault. Their gnosis may be criticized—it was temporal; but gnosticism is in itself a sign of health.

For the Victorian culture was, after all, a partly false culture, incapable of bearing uniformly good fruit. The spread of Victorian culture, with its pronouncedly Liberal aspects, began to menace good government. African administrators turned their eyes towards India, where a generation, educated to believe in the absolute merits of Parliamentary government, was causing trouble. In their own colonies they realized that the Victorian system deprived the native of his own culture, and gave him in exchange a set of ideas which he could absorb but not assimilate. The absurdity of teaching negroes the same subjects as English boys were taught became apparent.* Anthropologists impressed upon them the significance of the tribal system and the importance of its preservation. These new ideas and experiments contributed to the decay of that cultural gnosis on which Colonial Governments relied; no newer gnosis has taken its place, and the result was the commencement of a period of agnostic experimentation in the African Colonies.† The old ideal of Firm Rule and British Education becomes discredited; the tendency is to experiment with Indirect Rule and Education "on native lines."

British possessions in Africa vary enormously in local conditions, though some problems are common to them all. Each Colony and each Mandate has its own peculiar problems. We are no longer responsible for South Africa, though we affect South Africa through the protectorate of Bechuanaland, and may (through the increasing divergence of Cape Town and Colonial Office policies) find ourselves involved in a dispute over these territori with the Union. Egyptian problems do not here con ern us. Kenya's problems are accentuated by the availability of the country for European and Asiatic settlement; policy in that part of Africa will tend increasingly to differ from general African policy, though

* *Greek* used to form part of the curriculum in one missionary school in West Africa.

† To some extent in the mission field as well.

education in the native reserves may follow the same lines as education in other colonies.

Other factors must be taken into account when applying generalization to individual colonies. Economic conditions vary enormously; at the time of writing, poverty is handicapping all colonial governments and preventing the accomplishment of many projects for education, sanitation and development. The degree of existing tribalism, on which a structure of indirect rule may be erected with congruity, also varies immensely. In Northern Nigeria, for example, and in Zanzibar, fully-fledged Moslem Emirates and Sultanates existed before the British penetration commenced; necessity dictated the retention (and fortification) of such sovereignties. It was in Northern Nigeria that Lord Lugard, that brilliant expositor of the theory of indirect rule, laid the foundations of his just renown. These Emirates are Moslem, and the degree of Moslem penetration is a factor to be taken into close account in estimating the possibilities of indirect rule in various colonies. Everywhere Islam is on the increase; and it may be that our efforts to preserve native institutions merely ensures their ultimate overthrow by Moslem rather than by Christian culture.

Many other differences may be noted. Sierra Leone, with its scarcely-touched hinterland and its slave-descended coastal population, differs from the Gold Coast, where Ashanti, with its extraordinary development of custom, affords a basis for indirect rule. The problems of a long coast line, where rascality congregates and where blood is largely mixed, differentiate the West African colonies and Tanganyika (where, too, a German problem exists) from inland possessions, Uganda and the two Rhodesias. The history and ethnology of the Sudan place it in a category of its own. Climatic differences are important, and so are the degrees and methods of Christian evangelization.

From a legal point of view, our African possessions may be divided into Colonies, Mandated Areas (Class C)

and Protectorates. The difficulty of reconciling Indirect Rule with the British legal system is very much greater in a Colony than in a Protectorate; nevertheless, the attempt to create areas of Indirect Rule in Colonies, which may involve the re-creating of tribes among practically de-tribalized natives—a task impossible of adequate accomplishment, for, generally speaking, the areas administered as Colonies are those in which White penetration (dating in some cases from the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, when Slave Castles were built by Dutch, Portuguese and British), has almost entirely destroyed the natural basis of African life. In Mandated areas the influence of the League of Nations Mandates Commission is likely to be exerted in the direction of increased devolution of responsibility to natives.

Indirect Rule* is the administration of the African masses by or through Africans on lines that conform to their own national customs and traditions, as opposed to administration by British (or British-taught natives in so far as the service is Africanized) on British lines. Indirect Rule is cheap. It is, admittedly, not efficient, but its advocates maintain that it is suitable, workable and truly progressive. It is naturally welcomed by all those who look forward to the day when the British shall quit Africa, leaving the native to "stand on his own feet."

On the surface, the idea of Indirect Rule is attractive. African chiefs administering African peoples sympathetically, with occasional benevolent help from a paternal Commissioner reduced to the status, or something like the theoretical status, of an Agent in an Indian State—it looks well on paper, and is popular with a home public too agnostic to desire to impose its own culture or rule on Africans or anyone else. Nevertheless, there are doubters. *The Times* quotes Dr. R. S. Rattray, a man of great knowledge and immense

* Sometimes, for the avoidance of controversy, described as "native local government."

experience in administration on the Gold Coast, speaking at the annual meeting of the British Association, as (1933) follows :—

> A certain long-standing self-complacency with regard to this system arising, perhaps, from the fact that all lovers of Africa and her people desired to see the African national genius preserved, and because " Indirect Rule " seemed the only way of attaining this end, had begun to give place, in the minds of some of its staunchest adherents, to genuine doubts and grave anxiety.

It must be remembered that the sphere of Indirect Rule is bounded by certain European ethical ideas and administrative laws which are not rooted in the African consciousness. I read recently a glowing account of native chieftains administering jurisdiction in Kenya; judging offences against the local road regulations. But if those chieftains attempt to punish a witch they will be arrested. Now, this state of affairs must surely seem most unnatural to the African. To drive to the public danger cannot particularly shock their inner consciousness; to bewitch a man is a crime which rouses their whole nature. So much is this the case that, when a witch is discovered, he or she has several times, and that recently, been done to death by natives, and the Colonial Government, powerless either to check such outrages or to eradicate the belief in witchcraft, is in a dilemma over the degree of punishment to be imposed.

To take a further example, the Indirect Ruler must respect British prejudices in the matter of punishment. The white man regards a flogging or a mutilation with disapproval. But many natives prefer these punishments to the horror of confinement in a prison—a haunted and horrible spot, where men have died.

Again, a respect for native institutions should logically include the toleration of domestic slavery. Some administrators may be prepared to go as far as this. But when, mainly through the insistence of one English official, the existence of slavery in Sierra Leone Protectorate

was made known in England, home opinion compelled its abolition.

The recent case of Tshekedi in Bechuanaland calls attention to the difficulties that arise when a native chief exceeds the boundaries, to *him* oppressive and illogical, of his power.

Competent observers and administrators warn us of other dangers which threaten the system of Indirect Rule. There is alleged to be a tendency to create centralized African monarchies which differ widely from the former tribal units. From the educated Africans outside the sphere of Indirect Rule come complaints that the system prevents their Western education being used; here is a cause of friction that may well have increasingly serious results, and which contains the seeds of a serious conflict. The subjects of the African rulers themselves cannot be wholly segregated from British culture, and in time they are likely enough to revolt against an artificially " traditional " system that appears to sacrifice the careers of individuals in the supposed interests of the community.

The remedy for these ills, in the opinion of many observers, is to draw large cheques upon the bank of education. " These troubles," say the defenders of Indirect Rule, " are due to the continued prevalence of an out-model British type of Education; the imposition of a non-African culture on natives unsuited to receive it." This defence is the product of agnosticism; we no longer possess the Victorian certainty that our culture is of universal validity. Adherents of this school of thought are anxious that we should cease to impose our own culture and would substitute a type of education based on African ideas, suited to the African mind.* In this spirit, and with the intention of saving the natives from the mistake of going to British universities, was founded the Prince of Wales's College at Achimota, on the Gold

* I think, this is a fair, though perhaps inadequate, statement of the policy which animated the Colonial Office between 1925 and 1927.

Coast, and similar though less grandiose institutions in other parts of Africa, staffed by devoted, clever and earnest teachers, European, American and African, and maintained at considerable expense by Governments. As these institutions are developed in part or wholly as teachers' training colleges, they will affect in time all the schools, which are 85 per cent. or 90 per cent. in the hands of missionaries. By supplying, and ultimately insisting upon, "certificated" teachers in mission schools, by inspection and by taking powers (an inevitable step, some think) to close inefficient mission "bush" or "kraal" schools, the Government educational policy must prevail.

It is probably too early to form a final judgment on the ideals which animate Achimata and the new education in Africa. We have yet to see a generation of Africans educated on these lines; perhaps we should wait for the second generation before deciding. But we are in a position to call attention to certain obvious drawbacks to a system of education so radically different from anything hitherto attempted.

It must, for a time at least, run counter to native aspirations. The average ambitious native does not *want* African culture, or any culture. He wants a certificate. If he can get one of the certificates issued by recognized British universities—Oxford Higher Certificate, for example, so much the better. Failing that, he will try to obtain some inferior certificate, and in the last resort he may purchase a bogus degree from one of the sham "universities" which sell their favours (they do a brisk trade). Achimota, if it remains true to its African ideals, will not educate its students to pass British examinations; it remains to be seen whether Achimata's own certificate will be sufficiently coveted. The native, deprived of "superior" (as he thinks) British education, feels that he is being oppressed.

The students at these institutions remain largely exposed to the un-African influence inseparable from the presence of Europeans in their midst. They must learn

English—the inevitable medium of instruction. They will see—greatly to the detriment of white prestige—cinemas, uncensored or inadequately censored. It is not possible to divorce education from the surrounding life.

Three assumptions are implicit in an endeavour to educate Africans on the lines of African culture. The first assumption is that a sufficient African culture exists to be the basis of education. This is still doubtful. There is an African art; natives "see" pictures differently and (when they are taught to draw) draw them differently. In this sphere the new type of education is successful. It is open to question whether African culture has any other useful extensions. In certain departments of education the new educationists may find themselves building on no foundations, or on imported foundations.

The second assumption is that it is possible for Europeans (or American Africans like the late Dr. Aggrey) to "discover," without a lifetime of experience, the African mind. Granted that a sufficient African culture exists, who is fitted to find out what it is?

The third assumption is that it is possible for men of one culture to impose or to develop or even to encourage another type of culture. The attitude suggests a division of mind which must, at least, involve an enormous strain. A not unusual result, when education is not conducted by men of quite exceptional talents and patience,* is a kind of insincere, patronizing dilettantism—the sort of thing which the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., describes as occurring at the Government Training School at Domboshawa, Northern Rhodesia, on Empire Day, in his brilliant and exasperating "African Angelus." His account is too long to quote; it must be read on pages 363 to 366 of the book. Two extracts must suffice here:—

> Then dances . . . quite dead. The boys, dressed in semi-native get-up over their ordinary clothes, had real assegais and axes, afterwards removed. They were being made to *imitate* their hereditary customs, that is, as much of them as

* There are such men, but a system that *depends* on their occurrence is a bad system.

> whites approved of. As much as "we" could be interested in, amused and not shocked by. . . .
>
> Their songs. I was petrified by the announcement that Natives had no (possibly no available?) music, since my head was just then full of it. . . . These boys, therefore—can you believe it?—were made to sing "Old Man River" and some American negro spirituals . . . modernized if not modern in fact, fake.

Father Martindale's comment is that these phenomena reminded him of "the frightful young men with queer trousers and braces who do Morris dances in cynical English villages." Another observer, he tells us, called them "B——y eyewash."

It would have been a thousand times more *sincere*, more *real*, if we had taught the boys Roger de Coverley and "Rule, Britannia."

But it is very far from my purpose to hold up to ridicule men who, labouring under enormous difficulties, are the pioneers of the new African education. I suggest that they are on a wrong trail, as I suggest that the problems attaching to Indirect Rule will ultimately lead to its abandonment. But it is not useful for inexperienced individuals to suggest alternatives. Professor Huxley, in "Africa View," a deeply interesting book, and many another more experienced writer, has suggested administrative and educational improvements, but, beyond irritating and bewildering the conscientious and much-to-be-pitied Colonial servant, these suggestions are ineffective. "Points of view" is a lovely intellectual game for the stay-at-home Englishman; but "points of view" are of no assistance to the African. He turns, and will increasingly turn, to the "certainties" of the every-busy emissaries of Moscow. Unless our culture can recover its certainties, Moscow will deserve to win.

We hold our Empire by teaching, that is to say, by reason of our expanding culture, and if we have no culture to give we shall lose Africa. We have described ourselves, the greatest imperial Power, as "the salt of the earth." But "if the salt has lost its savour . . ."?

The Craft of the Novelist

By Storm Jameson

IT is difficult to write about the craft of the novelist without giving the impression that it is something which can be learned, in the sense that you can learn to play a game or fence. Yet this perhaps is not such a bad analogy, since you cannot fence without teaching your muscles nor write novels without training your mind. In the first case your mind teaches control to your muscles, and in the second it teaches itself—which is more difficult. It is difficult because what you have to learn is not how to use words for their own sake, nor how to invent a plot or describe a character. All these things may be useful, but they are not essential. The essential thing is that your mind should become more, and more finely, sensitive to experience. You must be able to feel deeply and to think honestly before you are fit to write at all, and the finest technical training in the world cannot squeeze a good novel from cheap easy emotions and dishonest thinking. This is not something so obvious that it was not worth mentioning. It is so little obvious that every season sees the appearance, amid bursts of applause, of faked masterpieces, in which facile emotions and confused dishonest thinking are passed off for real, with the utmost self-assurance. Moreover, critics mislead you—I have done this myself—by writing about the beauty of So-and-so's style or the cleverness of his construction as if these were something apart from the content of the book, and not, as they are, wholly determined from within. In a final analysis all art, like any other human activity, is the expression of a mind and a spirit, of the mind which receives the experience and the spirit which shapes it, and it is quite impossible that a truly sensitive mind will write badly or clumsily or tell lies about what it knows. The quarrel which breaks out at intervals between the supporters of art for art's sake, and those persons who insist that art

should have an edifying effect, is really a sham quarrel, with wooden swords. In the sense that the artist can only express what is in him he has no other cause why he should write—or paint, or model a figure. But unless he hides or destroys them he does none of these things to himself, however indifferent he may be to the judgment passed on them. It is therefore certain that they will have an effect on other minds and what effect this is forms an integral part of our judgment on them. There is no such thing as a book or a picture existing apart from human terms of reference, since a man made it and a man receives it.

In this sense all art is an assessment of life, a judgment passed on it by the artist. You may know his attitude to it by what he chooses to present to you as significant. Beauty in any work of the artist is that aspect of life which he considers worth recording, as fully, as impressively, as he can. The textbooks tell you that the artist is the order-maker—in his work you may catch sight of a design, which we others miss because we are so sunk in life that we are aware only of events as they rush past us in time. This would be a safer definition if it were not vaguely connected in our minds with theological statements about the universe and perhaps with the dangerous Victorian notion that if you think in one and the same muddled moment about Lancashire cotton owners, slums, underfed children, Bond Street, and the beauty of nature, you will perceive that there is a meaning in life and that it is a reasonable one. The truth is that the order which the artist imposes on the flux of life is drawn solely from himself. He has arranged things in a certain order in his mind, putting some things first because he sees them as most important, and it is this order which appears in his work. Its style is the reflection of his personal style, that is, of the value at which he assesses different modes of living. It is even possible that he can only show you what looks like the most frightful disorder —if, for instance, he has become acutely conscious that

the times into which he has been born and the social system to which he belongs is breaking up from within. And perhaps, like Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," he is so impressed by this and so anxious to warn others that he can only bring you news of disintegration and decay. In any case, the form of whatever he makes is determined, once for all, by the value he attaches to this or that or the other aspect of things. You hear critics talk about the bones of a book. What they tell you less often is that its bones are the author's bones, as its words are the visible extension of his nervous system.

Of all forms of art the novel is the meekest and, in our civilization, the most potent for good or ill. It is like a flower which creeps close to the ground, yet spreads everywhere. It comes home with all of us. It slips into houses where nothing else is read or listened to, except the wireless and the daily newspaper. It has more effect than these, because it attaches itself to an even older impulse than the one which is fed by news. In the days when news was sparse and slow-moving, human interest centred in the character and doings of your neighbour. At this day a proper countrywoman is more deeply interested in the strange behaviour of the woman next door than she would be by news of a revolution in France. The novelist tells you about the woman next door. He first persuades you that you know Becky Sharp and Sam Weller and then offers to satisfy your curiosity about them. He goes deeper and tells you what, without knowing it, you have been feeling and thinking about your own life. You are reading, and suddenly, with a shock of delight, you understand something about yourself and about living which before you did not. It is as though some pieces of a puzzle sprang together in your mind, to complete a pattern. And this is the deepest satisfaction of literature.

You can see now how dangerous the novelist is, because the medium in which he works is not words but it is your mind. He plays on it to make you laugh and

cry; the strings of his fiddle are your nerves, and not, as you suppose, the words and phrases of his story. These are only his bow. He can only play the tunes he knows, and if he only knows bad, cheap tunes he will play those, and the more cleverly and slickly he does it the greater the effect on your mind—which you have rashly handed over to him. There are novelists who make a great deal of money by playing over and over *All That I want is Somebody to Love Me*. And perhaps there is not a great deal of harm in that. But suppose another person were trying to tell you that your house is on fire and you did not hear him because the foolish sentimental little tune drowned his voice. Something like that may actually be happening.

This is really a very strange moment in the history of the human race. You cannot go out to dinner or sit in a room with two or three people without one of them saying: "What is going to happen?" To which the usual answer is: "Heaven knows." I think there is something significant in the sudden revival of interest in the music-hall songs and the sentimental ballads of fifty years ago. It is as though people were trying to give themselves a feeling of safety by putting the clock back. From the viewpoint of the cosmic spectator—the phrase is Professor Eddington's—there might be something funny and tragic in it. Fear stalks in the darkness outside, and while we are waiting for it to try the handle of the door we turn on the wireless and take up a copy of So-and-so's new novel, which, whatever else it does, will not make us think.

The novelist has you all by the ears, and if instead of warning you that the forces at work to destroy your world have reached their point of utmost danger, he sings sentimental ditties or plays you *Over the Hills and Faraway*, he is actually betraying you to your deaths. It will be very easy to make fun of this and to pretend that I want my fellow novelists to go about asking themselves: "What will be the moral and social effect of

my new book?" and then to produce gloomy propaganda. That is only nonsense. When I write I speak from my heart and mind into yours and what social effect my words have on you is not, not immediately, my business. Even if, like Bernard Shaw, I want to convert you to my moral and social beliefs I must think first how I can make you laugh or cry. Only—and this is the central knot of the argument—whether I want to convert you or only to keep you amused while I pick your pocket of seven and sixpence, my novel cannot fail of a wider effect. It will either make you more conscious of the world in which you live, or it will blind you with dreams and deafen you with an idle song. It will send you to look out of your window at the laughing, groaning, changing world or persuade you that a love affair or a month in Venice is all you need in order to be living the good life. And make no mistake about it—the novelist will do one or other of these things to you whenever you invite him to fiddle on your nerves. A cheap dye will colour off on the skin, and cheap easy emotions will colour off on ours until we lose the habit of feeling and thinking for ourselves. And when we want to wear grief or joy we take down some shabby ill-made garment belonging to Miss So-and-so, the popular novelist, and muffle our foolish heads in it.

The novelist is able to play all these tricks on us because he is more aware than other people of what is going on in his own mind. He is able to examine and compare his own experiences and then to convey them to you. The more deeply and finely sensitive he is, and the more courage he shows in discarding that collection of newspaper cuttings and old rubbish which most of us keep in our minds because we are too lazy to clear them out, the more he can give us, and when we have read one of his books we are richer than when we began. We are the richer by contact with a mind more sensitive, more alive, and more honest than our own. A novelist who is merely clever or merely witty or merely, as we say of

children, very noticing, may write novels which amuse or excite or soothe us, but at best he is only helping us to pass our time. At worst he is unfitting us for life by giving us weak or distorted or foolish notions about it. There is only one measure of goodness in a novel and that is its making you more sensitive in your relations with your fellows and more aware of what is going on within and without you. In short, the worth of a novel is its human worth, and not any fancied æsthetic quality, as if charm or beauty or understanding were something the novelist can summon to him provided he knows the spell.

The novelist is showing you his mind by means of words. He has to take his chance that certain words which stand for ideas and sensations and not for things—such words as "honour," "decency," "passion"—mean to us what they mean to him. He has to make himself as clear as possible—and if he has done that honestly it is not his fault if we do not understand him. It may be the fault of our lack of training or narrow experience. The impulse which is compelling him to tell you something should at the same time dictate the manner. If he is telling you how a man retreated all night with his battalion the writing should be plain, concrete, and economical. If he is describing a state of mind his first anxiety is to convey sensations and complexities of meaning—these mental events are more complex than physical ones, though not intrinsically more important, and may need more words to get them clear. What form, in the larger sense, his novel has, is the form it took in his mind when he began to think of it. And that will depend entirely on the balance of his interests. Unconsciously at first, and then deliberately, he will reveal the direction of his interests by the way he arranges his story. This is true even when the story, as we understand the word, has been reduced to a mere thread, as in "Mrs. Dalloway" or "Tristram Shandy." Nothing is out of place in a novel if it springs naturally from the writer's interest in his theme, but an exquisite piece of description may be out

of place if he only added it to impress you. The only way in which you can discuss the *rightness* of a novel, or the rightness of some part of it in relation to the whole, is to try to decide whether it sprang from a genuine impulse, or whether the writer snatched at what he could reach with least trouble and wrote a novel about that—as I suspect happened with one very popular novelist when he wrote "Faraway." But again you realize that the worth of a novel depends on the quality of the original impulse, that is, on the quality of the writer's mind.

To make a definition wide enough to cover everything, and too vague to be much use, you can say that the novel deals with men and women in action—counting thoughts and feelings as latent action—and may use any means. In the novelist's view a thought is an event, and he cannot choose whether his novels shall contain more events of this interior kind or more of the outer life of his people. Always it is decided for him—by his own nature. You can make a more or less arbitrary division and talk about objective and subjective novels, but there is no final division. It is always and entirely a question of the stress—which falls just as you would expect, on that side of life where the novelist finds himself at home. The kind of novel we label subjective is actually a novel with a special set of objects or with only one, the writer himself. It is concerned with thoughts and emotions not, or not in any very great measure, as they express themselves in action, but as they are in themselves, as the events which determine a man's life. And you can see the danger that besets a novelist who looks too persistently within, at this interior mode of action. He is like a man who tries to tell the time by examining only the works of his watch. He can give you a faithful account of them and he can report that they are moving, but he cannot unless he looks at the clock-face tell you what hour of the day it is, nor without looking at the world in which the clock exists tell you whether it is six o'clock of the night or of early morning. To be judged

complete a novel must give an account of the whole man and of the activities which relate him to his fellows. It is not in the least certain that a novel which tells you what a butcher thinks and feels as he cuts up his joints is more valuable than one which describes him standing in his shop chopping and cutting and serving. It depends on how truly it is done and how profoundly the writer understands this inner life. He can give just as dull, stupid, partial, and commonplace an account of emotions as of joints of beef. In any event, if he has left out the chopping and serving, he has told only half. A real novelist will include the whole, the butcher, his thoughts —which perhaps are not on his task at all: perhaps his wife is ill upstairs and as he chops he sees the brass rail of a bed and a white cloth—and the writer must have seen it all, together with the shawl worn by a thin woman, and the anxious face of a little boy, and the street with the cabs passing, which looks quite differently to the butcher who is afraid the noise will wake his wife, and to the boy who wants to run quickly to the corner where his friends are waiting for him.

And in the same way an objective account of all this, however full, accurate, and exciting, will be nothing better than a blurred photograph if it is not related to the inner life of the men and women in the book and, in the writer's mind, to his view of human life itself. You can say that the objective novel reflects the social scene—and then what you mean is that it reflects the writer's understanding of it, and it will be true and profound or false and superficial precisely as he is in himself.

Look closer at the writer's business. You have been told that every man has one novel in him—the story of his life. This is only as true as if you were to say that every larder has in it what will make a pudding. Yourselves, getting up in the morning, preparing breakfast, eating, hurrying along the street to work, laughing, feeling pain, anger, happiness, fear, ecstasy, are the raw

material of a novel. When I think about you with the idea of writing it something happens in my mind. A process starts there which must complete itself. Words I overhear in a bus are suddenly explained by the memory of something which happened to me a long time ago and the two together form a new object in my mind, which has to be fitted in with innumerable other objects. The state of rest in which my mind was before I began to write is upset. One nerve starts another until my whole mind is roused, like a house in which some important event is taking place, with people scurrying along the passage answering bells, opening and closing doors looking in cupboards for something that has been lost, turning out boxes of papers and all with an air of intense excitement and activity. But the excitement is only incidental and the wild running to and fro and opening and shutting of cupboard doors has a quite definite end in view. When it is achieved the disturbance will be over.

The end, which—unless I am a very confused or incompetent writer—has been before my mind the whole time, is to give you every necessary detail to enable you to understand what stirred me to write a novel about you, or about myself. Perhaps I saw you as one figure in a vast drama, a new *War and Peace*. I use you as the focussing point for my story, which covers as wide a map of the social scene as I can manage—you are an assistant in a large store or like the man in a novel by Barbusse you look through a hole in the wall at birth, life, and death in the next room. Or suppose instead that the images drawn together by the excitement, like steel filings round a magnet, are all somehow connected with myself. Then each object I discover in my mind, a memory or an emotion, is thickly encrusted with others. I cannot pull at one to bring it into light without dragging out a dozen more—it is like a stone or a piece of wood which has lain a long time under the sea and become covered with weeds and the shells of living creatures.

I begin to tell you how yesterday at tea I was given a chipped saucer, and all at once I remember that when my son was ill I used a saucer with a chipped edge to float his nightlight and I see the room, the tiny circle of light on the ceiling, and the curtain I made myself, and I remember sewing at it and the drop of blood on my pricked finger; mixed up with all this is the anxiety I felt then, and as I recall it, a new sharper terror flows in over the old and I begin to think about war and how if war came I could not save him, and this thought fills me with a mad anger and fear. I want to convey all this to you and at the same time not let you lose sight of the unity in the book—which comes from myself, that identity in contraries which is the meaning of a life.

It is certain that if you were to begin your study of a novel by taking it to pieces you might only discover what it died of. With that warning let us look more closely at three or four novelists, in the hope of learning what may be useful to us in meeting them on equal terms.

Take first one bearing the label "objective"—an American, Ernest Hemingway. At first sight this writer would appear to be the simplest and most direct of modern novelists. He takes a group of persons, and tells you as shortly and plainly as possible what they did and said. Everything for him is concrete. Nothing exists except what he can see and touch. He does not analyse or ponder the roots of an act or an idea. He does not understand an emotion—the emotion of love, for instance. He reduces all such complex feelings to the moment of physical sensation. The first scene in the hospital between Catherine and her lover in "Farewell to Arms" describes a physical passion which—for the writer—is a complete account of the relationship that exists between a man and a woman in love.

It is a fact that as soon as we begin to analyse a passion it disappears. Therefore if you want to persuade your readers that two persons feel a passion for one another you may use the most direct and concrete

expressions to call up a concrete image in his mind. The key-words in any language are simple and primitive. These have quickest access to our imagination. They affect our nerves as do those sounds we associate with the simplest, least differentiated feelings. We need to understand something of music or of life to enjoy the Brandenburg Concertos, but the dullest of us can thrill to fife and trumpets, and though the players may be tired, shabby men, ex-soldiers, in our imagination they and we are heroes.

It is this simplicity, this appeal to our crudest interests, which explains Hemingway's success. He appeals especially to the over-sophisticated, by offering them the illusion of living by violent and sensuous impulses. In England at least his success has been largely with the intellectuals. They have praised his simplicity, his directness, without perceiving that he is simple because he has so little to say. Like a child, or an idiot, he spells out the visible world. There is a straight road, he says. There are leaves covered with dust. I walk on the road. The sun shines. I am hot. Now I am drinking. The wine tastes good, it is cold. The men and women in his books live on their senses—and this is not the same thing as living in them. Life on this plane seems no more than a brutal impulse, which it is not worth accounting for and which leaves no traces.

Contrast this kind of simplicity with the simplicity of T. F. Powys. The words, even the gestures, are the same. There is the same directness of approach to the natural world. But where the American feels life as a nearly mechanical interplay of sensations, the English novelist is aware the whole time of spiritual powers acting through the physical. His words and images, describing instinctive acts, are the visible reflection of these powers. Their effect on our nerves is thus quite different. If we bring from our reading of Hemingway any vision of the world it is of a world which is dying from within—underneath its violence and colour it is

empty, desolate, and rotten. All actions are equally important because none has an importance beyond the minute, and they are good or bad only as they satisfy or defeat our present wants. In T. F. Powys's world everything is related to his vision of good and evil, which is almost that of a mediæval poet, and so, although he is writing about a social order which may soon cease to exist, he is able at moments to show us our passions themselves. This is valuable, this enriches our understanding. But Hemingway understands nothing except that he feels at particular moments happy or angry or excited.

Both these writers are "objective" in intention—both, that is, are drawn to describe the outward life of men and women. The difference between them is one of belief—and it is absolute. Now turn to two writers who care a great deal more to explain how men think and feel than what they do. Imagine for a moment that Virginia Woolf is writing an account of your life, of one day in your life. You are a school teacher. You live in Battersea, in rooms you share with a friend, and you cross the park every morning to your work. You are interested in socialism and you read a great many books and pamphlets, or you are engaged and hoping to marry. To your friends you seem a lively efficient person whose days vary very little, and they ask you where you are going to spend August and what you have been reading, and your answers to these questions satisfy them that they know well enough what you are like. To Virginia Woolf all these facts—which pretend to describe you—are infinitely unimportant. The spectacle of you teaching, reading, stepping into trains, interviewing house agents, scarcely detains her for a moment—she brushes it impatiently aside and begins an exploration of her own into your life. This takes her into a world of which your intimates know nothing. When you were putting your hat on before the mirror, pulling at it and adjusting your coat, you were remembering a stupid act and enduring agonies of regret. And this reminds you of something

that happened when you were very young and at once, while you seem to be in the dark, narrow passage of a house in Battersea, you are crossing a garden in full sunlight with the person who then filled your thoughts; you listen to him and you see the yellow flowers of the laburnam and the mark on your shoe and think that you are going to cry—but all you do is to open the door of a house in Battersea and step briskly along the pavement. Your whole day, while you are at work, and afterwards, when you are seated at home reading or mending, is a succession of these inner events. You are assailed by every kind of emotion, from anger and mortification to pure ecstasy. Time—which hands your outer life to you in small grudging remnants, measured off on a clock—is here as free with you as the air. You can turn in it where you like, and while your actions since you awoke this morning have occupied precisely fifteen hours you have in your mind lived out half a lifetime of experience. The whole of time, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, falls round you here and now; you can dip your hands in the stream which ran past you in last year's sunlight. And this, Mrs. Woolf says, is your real life. This incalculable unregulated creature is you, and the really significant moments are not those in which you appear as a successful teacher or a kind competent friend, but those moments, not spoken about to anyone, when you laughed, cried, danced, suffered, or were happy, with your whole self.

You can see how differently Virginia Woolf and Arnold Bennett would regard the same young woman, as the subject for a novel. But now compare with Mrs. Woolf a writer whose preoccupation with the inner life of his characters is fully as sharp as hers—D. H. Lawrence. They are alike in no other respect. You can say of Mrs. Woolf's novels that the action is little more than a fine skin, through which you trace a network of nerves charged with thoughts and feelings. In Lawrence's the action is intensely significant. You can say that it is emotion issuing in action, issuing, where there is a conflict

between two characters, with considerable violence. Lawrence is using the most precise and concrete terms to convey deep emotional experiences. There are times when he cannot avoid becoming obscure—due to what is, I think, the impossibility of translating certain levels of feeling directly into prose of this order. Just as there are sounds too fine for human hearing, so there are modes of feeling for which no words exist. To attempt to convey them in words defeats even Lawrence, who feels more and more intensely than any modern novelist.

Man desires, strives, and achieves. There are moments in history when what the artist desires seems possible of achievement because it is not denied or menaced by what is outside him. He feels at home in the world. And it is not necessary that he should approve of it so long as he is confident that what he says will be instantly and completely understood by his own world. Such moments do not last. The forms which express one generation's understanding of life are feeble and annoying to the next. Thought has reached and stepped across another boundary, and the artist rushes after it, kicking up his heels in the air of a new country, and to his dazzled eyes the very stones and grass of this country are fresh and wonderful and he can describe them a hundred times without wearying of it.

What you must realize is that the novelist is always, and in any mood, the discoverer of his times—whether he is detached and assured, like a man at his ease among friends, or in the temper of a pioneer, a reformer, or a traveller for business or pleasure. You cannot legislate for him and say, that one style of writing is bad in itself and another good. To say that Hemingway and D. H. Lawrence both employ direct concrete narrative and a colloquial turn of speech tells you nothing of the lightest value about either of them. It does not make the only judgment it is permissible to pass on a novelist—since it does not tell you that Hemingway's capacity for feeling is clumsy and insensitive where Lawrence's is

exquisitely sensitive. The craft of the novelist—when by craft you mean mere technical skill—is not worth discussing. The quality of a novel, and its human value, escape all but the most meagre definition in technical terms. When I read Hemingway, part of my mind is filled with admiration for the skill with which he does what he set himself to do. A deeper instinct assures me that it was not worth doing. Hemingway's attitude to experience is shallow, over-sophisticated, and uselessly violent. The other day I read of some new composer as a "hot-jazz genius." Hemingway is the "hot-jazz genius" of the modern novel, and the respect you pay him will vary accordingly as you believe or do not believe that modern life can worthily be expressed in terms of "hot-jazz."

In truth, a novelist is to-day very unfortunate in his birth. His proper study is life in all the forms it assumes *in his time*, and to-day the forms of life are deeply degraded. Of no other age was it possible to say, as you can say of this, that human values are less considered than the values created by the machines. We are not the masters of the machines which our ingenuity has created. We are their hapless slaves, and we do not use them for our lasting enrichment, but are used by them. You have but to look over the disorder we please ourselves in calling a civilization to see how the needs and desires of human beings are served.

More than other men the artist is aware of this cheapening of human values. The more honest and sensitive he is the more sharply it will affect him. If he cannot face it he will run away and write beautifully about the past or about an unreal present. Otherwise he will be driven to wrestle with it, and not merely in order to expose it, but in the hope of changing it. And this is the true function of the novelist, and the justification for his existence and for the rather exaggerated attentions we pay him as an artist. He does not exist only in order to write beautifully or amusingly. He may

do both and be thanked for it. But his proper passion —and all the rest are not worth a straw—is to show us to ourselves as we are. It is only by knowing what he is and of what he is capable that man can respect himself. I believe with all my will that a novelist is more important than a politician. The politician merely exploits or is afraid of our passions. The novelist can make us understand them. And when we understand ourselves, and our secret motives and desires, we can do anything, we can even get the better of the machines.

The ways in which a novel can be constructed are too many to be important. They are not the craft of the novelist, but they are determined by his craft—which is something subtler and more significant than his use of words. His craft is truly his capacity for living. The greater writer he is the more strongly he is forced to abandon himself to experience—since it is the only way in which he can know himself and what is outside himself, At the same time he must try to give a precise, honest. and fearless account of it. But these are not two activities, but only one. The mind which experiences is the same which communicates the experience. Whoever writes a great novel has first felt deeply, and the way in which he writes it, his style, down to the merest details of construction, is from first to last determined by the fineness or crudeness, the honesty or dishonesty, which he brings to his business of interpreter between men and life.

To Friends of the Soviet Union

By Malcolm Muggeridge

WHO are you, dear Friends of the Soviet Union? You are the righteous minority; upholders of the ideal; denouncers of tyranny and injustice; lovers of truth and liberty; pacifists and saints and free-lovers and philosophers and socialists—in short, the elite or vanguard of the nation. When Jews are oppressed in Germany you raise your voices in protest; Sacco and Vanezetti, the Meerut prisoners, the Scottsboro' prisoners—these and a thousand other injustices you condemn with eloquence and conviction. The British Raj in India and the Japanese occupation of Manchuria seem to you to be intolerable, and you make the wrongs of all subject peoples your own. Yet—and here precisely lies my problem—you bow your heads in the dust before the dictatorship of the proletariat as established in Russia and as revealed unto men through the agency of Marx the Father, Lenin the Son, and Stalin the Holy Ghost; and this despite the fact that the dictatorship of the proletariat has every single characteristic that you so hotly condemn elsewhere, and regards you and all that you stand for with open and unrestrained contempt.

That is to say, the dictatorship of the proletariat is cruel and arrogant; scornful of truth and liberty; indifferent to the suffering of individuals and classes and communities; incompetent and megalomaniac; ruthlessly intolerant of personal and corporate loyalties; hypocritical and stupid and corrupt, and has reduced a large population to a condition of poverty and misery and hopelessness that has to be seen to be believed. None-theless, dear Friends of the Soviet Union, you sniff round the dictatorship of the proletariat with craven adulation like dogs round ordure.

It may seem a little impertinent on my part to speak so confidently of the nature of the dictatorship of the proletariat. You too have visited Russia, and what you saw there served in most cases only to confirm your

opinions and enthusiasms. Nearness lent enchantment to your view, and you returned from your conducted excursions to write and lecture and orate with, if anything, increased fervour. Who am I, you may well ask, to back my judgment and observation against, for instance, experienced, though aged social investigators like the Webbs, or talented Jewish journalists like Maurice Hindus, or distinguished scientists like Julian Huxley, or famous men-of-letters, like Bernard Shaw? Here I have to be dogmatic. It is a question of my word against theirs; and naturally, unless I was absolutely convinced of the rightness of my opinion, and had been able to confirm it again and again in the light of actual facts and experiences, I should hesitate flatly to contradict such reputable testimony.

After, however, spending some eight months in Russia; after going about the country a good deal; after a large number of conversations with all sorts and conditions of people; after seeing a lot of plays and films; after reading a lot of newspapers and listening to a lot of speeches; after generally, as the Americans put it, "making contact" with the dictatorship of the proletariat, its personnel and its victims, I came to the conclusion that if it existed anywhere else and in any other terms, you would find it even more intolerable than I do; condemn it more emphatically; hold meetings and write joint letters to the Press protesting against it at least as fervidly as you do against, say, slavery in Liberia or police excesses in India.

This curious contradictoriness in you is, to me at least, more interesting than the Soviet régime. Indeed, the Soviet régime as such is not particularly interesting. Its precise historical significance will only be calculable when it can be looked back on from a decent distance; and its present absurdities and tragedies strikingly resemble, and are only more exaggerated than, the absurdities and tragedies of the contemporary world in general. There is nothing new about its theory or its

practice; and, for my own part, I agree with an American professor—one of those American professors whose scholarship is deplorable and whose conversation is delightful—who said that he liked the earlier phases of the Soviet régime because then it was one big, jolly racket, but that now it had split up into a lot of little rackets he found it very much like any other régime, only more disorderly and inefficient. It is probable, I think, that future historians will find the dictatorship of the proletariat entirely in keeping with the unreality and extravagance of the times, and will see in the Five Year Plan a grotesque and characteristically Russian equivalent of American Big Business.

Be that as it may, your attitude towards the Soviet régime is, at any rate for the moment, more significant and illuminating than the regime itself. Why do you dote on it so, dear Friends of the Soviet Union? What are you after? What's your game? You like peace and the League of Nations don't you? But, dear Friends of the Soviet Union, the bellicosity of von Papen is as a voice piping in the wilderness compared with the bellicosity of the dictatorship of the proletariat. You like people to have the vote and to be able to say what they think, don't you? But, dear Friends of the Soviet Union, in Russia no one can speak or write or even think anything at all distasteful to six or seven megalomaniac and not very intelligent bosses without risking his life. As for voting—it is a forgotten institution. The political and social and economic rights of a Soviet worker or peasant are less, infinitely less, than those of a negro in the United States. In fact, he has no rights. In fact, even more than in Oriental countries, he exists to carry out the will of a handful of masters; in the last resort, of one master. You like people to have enough to eat and to wear, and somewhere tolerable to live, don't you? But, dear Friends of the Soviet Union, in Russia the vast majority of the population lacks an adequate supply of the bare necessaries of life, and a good proportion

of the population is starving. You are people of taste who deplore vulgarity in art, and sensationalism, and sentimentality, aren't you? But, dear Friends of the Soviet Union, in Russia, practically speaking, no art that is not vulgar and sensational and sentimental is allowed.

What, then, is one to make of you? At home you despise the taste of the general; in Russia, where no other taste is permissible, you are in ecstacies. You turn up your noses when the popular press exploits, for circulation purposes, the obscene details of some murder or divorce case; in Russia, when, by means of a State trial, the dictatorship of the proletariat exploits the same emotions, only in a more savage and unrestrained form, you exult. Tom Mann gets six months for refusing to promise not to disturb the peace, and you pour out righteous indignation with a warmth and sincerity that does you credit; the dictatorship of the proletariat "liquidates" millions of kulaks, hundreds of thousands of priests, everyone who has your social background and who shares your views and aspirations, and you glorify its name. Profound is your contempt for the obtuseness and prejudices of, for instance, British colonial officials; a little, scrubby Jew in the Soviet Foreign Office, who, outside Russia, would bore you if he did not revolt you, wins your immediate esteem.

Again, putting aside opinions, take your reactions to actual facts. I am certain that if an elementary schoolboy of average intelligence got into a train at Moscow and travelled across the Ukraine, even though, like you, he was accompanied by obsequious Intourist guides, by the time he reached Odessa he would be aware that he had passed through a melancholy, famished country whose agriculture was derelict, whose fields were weed-ridden and unploughed, whose population was wretched and starving; yet you, the flower of our intelligentsia, writers of books, editors of newspapers, lecturers and givers of wireless talks, instructors of public opinion, professors and enlightened politicians — you travel across the

Ukraine and return with golden tales of successful collective farms, and of a happy, ardent, well-fed, class-conscious peasantry.

How, dear Friends of the Soviet Union, do you come to be so easily gulled? Given the fact that your predilections are all in favour of the dictatorship of the protetariat, and that Soviet salesmanship is adept, and that your stay in Russia is usually short, and that most of it is occupied with conducted excursions—even then, to hear scientists with international reputations naïvely repeating statistics so fantastic that they have become popular jokes amongst those whose prosperity they purport to express! To hear famous economists draw ponderous conclusions from the " stability " of the rouble which has been so recklessly depreciated that, when I left Russia three months ago, its exchange value was two hundred to the pound, and falling rapidly! To hear earnest social workers describe in glowing terms the manner in which Soviet children are cared for when, so appaling is the under-nourishment in Russia, it will take, on a moderate estimate and assuming conditions improve in the immediate future, two generations for the population to recover from its effects!

I have collected a number of these absurdities, and will quote two from Professor Julian Huxley's book, " A Scientist Among the Soviets."

> " While we were in Russia," the Professor writes, " a German town-planning expert was travelling over the huge Siberian spaces in a special train with a staff of assistants. Where cities are to arise, he stops for a few days, picks out the best site, lays down the broad outlines of the future city, and passes on, leaving the details to be filled in by architects and engineers who remain."
>
> " Highly placed personages," he writes further on in the book, " now and again give a good example by taking part in a *subotnik* (that is, voluntary labour). Congestion of unloaded goods wagons in the cities has been a frequent source of food-shortage and economic trouble in Russia. Accordingly unloading food from trucks is a favourable object for these volunteer gangs; and one is told that Stalin himself sometimes comes down to the Moscow goods sidings to help."

Presumably, if a fellow scientist told the Professor that he had devised an apparatus that demonstrated the

practicability of perpetual motion, he would, before advertising the discovery, ask to see the apparatus, or at least make some rather searching inquiries about it; the above statements, palpably ridiculous, proved so conclusively by the most superficial investigation, he accepts at their face value and faithfully records.

No one supposes wilful deception. You do not know that you have been gulled, dear Friends of the Soviet Union. You believe what you say and write. Only how does it happen that you say and write such nonsense? How does it happen that your newspapers and periodicals such as the "Manchester Guardian" and the "New Statesman," in other respects truthful and conscientious, publish news and views about the Soviet régime that are less related to the facts of the case than the wildest scare stories of the popular press?

The answer, I believe, is terribly simple. A ghastly, fearful answer. You are indulgent towards the dictatorship of the proletariat because, in a sort of way, you are, or would like to be, a dictatorship of the proletariat yourselves. You are frustrated revolutionaries, and the spectacle of a revolutionary government in actual existence so intoxicates you that you fall on your knees, senses swooning, in awed worship. Like plain and reluctantly virtuous women fawning on brazen promiscuity you fawn on the dictatorship of the proletariat. When you hear of comrade so and so being taken for a ride you unconsciously lick your lips over the prospect of taking councillor so and so, who opposes your scheme for giving free milk to elementary school children, for a ride. The dictatorship of the proletariat is all-powerful and mouths your aspirations; and you, who have for so long had to be content with spinning your ideas into words, see in it the possibility of translating them suddenly into deeds. Seeing this, you adore; and adoring, you easily become propaganda-fodder.

At home you are, after all, a little community existing on its own and apart from the great mass of your fellow-

countrymen. However confident you may be of representing all that is most advanced and enlightened in the nation you are still a minority, and take little direct part in the business of government; are essentially lookers-on; talkers and thinkers and agitators. The "broad" or "toiling" masses are, on the whole, strangely indifferent to your concern for their welfare and advancement. It is with difficulty, and rarely, that you can get yourselves elected to Parliament, let alone entrusted with absolute authority. If, on the other hand, you became a dictatorship of the proletariat you could afford to be indifferent to the "broad" or "toiling" masses. They would not matter then.

Here, it seems to me, lies the real attraction of the Soviet régime in your eyes. It shows you an attainable bridge between the abstract and the concrete. It shows you a means of putting your ideas, not approximately, but exactly into practice; how you can become men of action without having to compromise or to lay yourselves open to the reproaches of your less successful, and therefore more consistent, comrades; a way of enjoying unrestricted power without sacrificing one iota of your faith.

How much more agreeable it is to write decrees than to write pamphlets! How much more agreeable to give orders than to canvas constituents! How delightful to fashion, instead of project, a world fit for an enlightened intelligentsia to live in, and to prove the excellence of ideas, not by argument, but by sitting in the Kremlin and commanding their adoption. You have fed for many years on the consciousness of your own superiority. It is not a wholly satisfying diet, and leaves a man in old age lean and bitter. Add to it power, a vitamin, and you become swollen and magnificent. You become a dictatorship of the proletariat.

The fact is, dear Friends of the Soviet Union, the Soviet régime is you; and when you visit Russia you are delighted not so much because of anything you see there as because it is, for you, a home from home. In so far as you have tried to put your ideas into practice the results

have been mostly unsatisfying. Your tilts against marriage with promiscuous lechery have left you exhausted rather than triumphant; Russia is a land where divorce and abortions are free for all, and the Moscow trams still run. Your political careers have been short and unproductive; Russia is a land whose legislation embodies your ideas, and the streets of Moscow are still crowded with people coming and going. Your enemies, who got seconds where you got firsts and were reckoned dull dogs where you were reckoned brilliant, find their way to the House of Lords, and you live in obscure neglect; Russia is a land where the mighty have been pulled down from their seats and the humble and meek exalted, where you have been exalted. At least so it seems to you. Actually you have long ago been slaughtered. Since, however, the slaughter was carried out in your name, and in accordance with principles that you approve, you cannot be expected to relate it to yourselves.

The dictatorship of the proletariat is you in general and in detail; and just as Bloomsbury is the best place to study it, Moscow is the best place to study you. Like you, its energy arises out of frustration and envy and hate and appetite for power. Like you, having been unable either to dominate, or lose itself in, European civilization, it has fallen back on wanting to destroy European civilization. Like you, it fishes in troubled waters; only, instead of championing the restoration of the Cathedral of Santa Sofia to Christianity, it champions the salvation of the toiling masses of Turkey from capitalist exploitation; only, instead of sitting at the feet of a desiccated Oriental demagogue like Gandhi, it instructs Jawahalal Nehru in proletarian solidarity; only, instead of patronising corrupt Chinese politicians, it invites them to tea with the Cominterm. The Kremlin is full of ghosts. Sex reform and the emancipation of women stalk its corridors; free love and co-education are dim echoes in its halls; proportional representation and humane killing are written faintly on its walls. It is as though thousands

of little streams—all your causes and slogans and attitudes —poured into Russia to make one muddy, turbulent whirlpool. It is as though each progressive society and model colony packed up its tents and pilgrimaged to Moscow.

This is the froth. The incoherent fury underneath the froth would make even you, intellectual and spiritual nomads as you are, draw back in horror. But you dare not look on it. You dare not face the mood it would engender in you. Having for so long prided yourselves on being ministers of progress, you dare not recognise your real role—camp followers of a barbarian army. You have been protected by the civilised institutions you attack from suffering the consequences of the disintegration you advocate. In Russia disintegration has really come to pass. The dictatorship of the proletariat has created a lawless, absurd desert; and you, dear Friends of the Soviet Union, crawling about in it or admiring it from afar at so many guineas a thousand words, see, like mirages, your own dingy hopes flourishing in it.

> "Rien de plus dangereux," Taine writes, "qu'une idée générale dans des cerveaux étroits et vides; comme ils sont vides elle n'y rencontre aucun savoir qui lui fasse obstacle; comme ils sont étroits, elle ne tarde pas à les occuper tout entiers. Dès lors ils ne s'appartiennent plus, ils sont maîtrisés par elle; elle agit en eux, et par eux; au sens propre du mot, l'homme est possédé. Quelque chose qui n'est pas lui, un parasite monstreux, une pensée étrangère et disproportionée vit en lui, s'y développe et y engendre les volontés malfaisantes dont elle est grosse. I ne prévoyait pas qu'il les aurait, il ne savait pas ce que contient son dogme, quelles conséquences venimeuses et meutrières vont en sortir. Elles en sortent fatalement, tour a tour et sous la pression des circonstances, d'abord les conséquences anarchique, maintenant les conséquences despotique."

Karl Marx and you have provided the General Idea, and the dictatorship of the proletariat has provided the empty, narrow mind. The result is the Soviet régime before which you grovel as people once grovelled before a casket containing Marat's heart.

When I consider how your fatuous idiocies have mocked the unhappy Russian population, and aroused false hopes and expectations amongst victims of economic distress in other countries, and in some cases led them, to their subsequent bitter regret, to emigrate with their families to the proletarian paradise you have so fulsomely advertised, there to starve and suffer and curse your names; when I recollect that Bernard Shaw gaily assured a Moscow audience that neither they nor any other Russians were short of food, and that Sidney Webb " hotly repudiated " the malicious slander that there was forced labour in Russia notwithstanding the fact that the Soviet Press boasts of what has been achieved by political prisoners working under the direction—that is, the guns—of the Ogpu; when I reckon up your private and published reactions to the Soviet régime, you, with your General Idea, seem to me more contemptible, if not more dangerous, than the dictatorship of the proletariat with its empty, narrow mind.

No worse fate can befall a society, dear Friends of the Soviet Union, than to fall into your hands. A General Idea is the most terrible of all tyrants. Individual tyrants have their moods, and must at last die; it is inflexible and immortal. Individual tyrants only require a sense of personal supremacy, only destroy whoever and whatever challenges their personal supremacy; it destroys everything and everyone, is the essence of destruction—in towns, a darkness, a paralysis; in the country, a blight, sterility. Shouting monotonously its empty formula—a classless, socialist society—it attacks with methodical barbarity, not only men and classes and institutions, but the soul of a society. It tears a society up by the roots and leaves it dead. " If we go," Lenin said, " we shall slam the door on an empty house." " Nous ferons un cimetière de la France," Carrier said, " plutot que de ne la pas régénérer de notre manière."

A General Idea enthroned takes no account of the nature of human beings, or of their past history, or of their allegiances. The abolition of property is implicit

in it—very well, the dictatorship of the proletariat decrees the abolition of property and thereby creates a situation in which the most vile manifestations of the instinct to possess can have free play. The abolition of classes is implicit in it—very well, the dictatorship of the proletariat decrees the abolition of classes and thereby creates a situation in which economic and social and political privilege can be exercised without restraint, order or limitation. The abolition of the family is implicit in it—very well, the dictatorship of the proletariat decrees the abolition of the family and thereby creates a situation in which sex becomes more obscene than in the most filthy brothel or strait-laced marriage or enlightened necking party.

All you who have hoped that your own pet utopia was being created in Russia; all you who have believed that classlessness and sex equality and new social values and so on were being fostered by the dictatorship of the proletariat should at least realize what is really being done and the price that is being paid by the Russian population. All you idealists and pacifists and despairing persons who look hopefully towards Moscow should at least realize the nature of the thing you admire. If, having realized, you still admire—well and good. It is a point of view. If, so obsessed are you by your General Idea, that you genuinely approve its slow enslavement of a hundred and sixty million people, its slow consumption of the wealth—gold, food, everything—of an enormous country—well and good. It is a point of view. The unforgivable thing—and the thing of which you have notably been guilty, dear Friends of the Soviet Union—is to pretend, wilfully or unconsciously, that your General Idea has brought, or can conceivably bring to Russia happiness or prosperity or hope or peace as these have hitherto been understood in the world. It has brought fear and despair and want; it has degraded every kind of value, moral and spiritual and æsthetic; it has made life for millions of people so empty and aimless that they seem scarcely to live at all—only to fear and breathe.

I cannot imagine any worse possibility even in this unhappy uncertain time than that you should be able to enthrone your General Idea elsewhere. The fact that its first meal would be you, though just, would be no compensation for its subsequent ravages. Your attitude towards the Soviet régime shows how little you realise the General Idea's potentialities. Even so, I notice that few, if any, of you venture to exchange the capitalist tyranny you denounce for the proletarian bliss whose praises you sing so lustily; and it is gratifying to find that working class organisations with which you are connected profoundly distrust your General Idea and the political programme you deduce from it.

You are unquestionably one of the marvels of the age; and I shall treasure as a blessed memory the spectacle of you travelling with radiant optimism through a famished countryside; wandering in happy bands about squalid, overcrowded towns; listening with unshakable faith to the fatuous outpourings of carefully trained Intourist guides; repeating, like school children a multiplication table, the bogus statistics and dreary slogans that roll continuously—a dry, melancholy wind—over the emptiness of Soviet Russia. There, I used to think, an office-holder in some local branch of the League of Nations Union; there a Godly Quaker who once had tea with Gandhi; there an inveigher against the Means Test and the Blasphemy Laws; there a staunch upholder of free trade and speech; there a preventer of cruelty to animals; there scarred and worthy veterans of a hundred battles for truth and freedom—all, all chanting the praises of the dictatorship of the proletariat. It was as though the Salvation Army had turned out with bands and banners in honour of some ferocious tribal deity, or as though a highbrow critic had hailed "Cavalcade" as the greatest masterpiece since Shakespeare, or as though the organ of a vegetarian society had issued a passionate plea for cannibalism.

Night in a Train

By K. Swinstead-Smith

THE child had been getting steadily worse. I had seen that, although, of course, I know nothing about babies; but anyone could have seen that there was something very wrong. The atmosphere, apart from anything else, was enough to kill off an adult let alone an infant, for there were eight of us, apart from the baby, in that second class carriage. The door leading into the corridor was shut fast—the great fat Italian animal sitting in the corner had seen to that. The window at my end was shut too. Of course, directly I entered the train I had let it down—one has to show these foreigners that one is not frightened of them—but the father of the baby had made a commotion—" il bambino " he had cried, pointing to the little wax thing which lay in the girl's arms——

" The baby would be much better for a little air," I had said in my rather halting Italian but he had just repeated, " il bambino," unhappily, and the girl had looked at me with big, round, tired eyes and had tried to make a screen round the baby's head with a newspaper. So I gave in and prepared for an unpleasant night.

I had entered the train at 9.30 p.m. scheduled to reach Rome at 10 a.m. It was now 11.30 and we didn't get to Naples until 6 the next morning. We were still hurtling through Calabria and it was just possible to see the outlines of the hills with here and there little lights like beacons. I had been sketching down near Sellia Marina and in spite of the dirt it had been well worth it. People told me before I went that it wasn't safe to wander about Calabria alone. " Well," I said, " if it's not safe for an ugly old English Spinster in the fifties, it's certainly a place to see."

At 10.30 someone had turned the lights off in the carriage—the fat unpleasant thing in the corner, I suspect, and everything looked grotesque with only the blue safety light burning. Opposite the animal sat a

vicious little mongrel with unpleasant watery eyes and a horrible mouth. He had been groaning and twisting and making a fuss because he wasn't comfortable. Half the time he was looking under his eyelids at the belonging of a thin, dark man who sat next to me. She was a pretty little thing in the Italian manner. She had gone to sleep with her head in his lap. He stroked her shoulders and looked out of the window, both gestures quite mechanical. He yawned a good deal and his breath was anything but pleasant. I eyed him coldly once or twice and he did have the decency to put his hand up to his mouth but this didn't last—an unpleasant type, but drawable. The only other person besides the little trio opposite me was an insignificant man. He was asleep when I entered the train and got out at Naples still half asleep. Opposite me the young wife leaned heavily against her husband's shoulder. She was a beautiful girl but I could only see distinctly the line of her long white neck and the smudge of white that was the baby's face. It lay there in the crook of her arm in a shawl and its very stillness and unconsciousness showed up in even greater contrast the full-blooded aliveness of the rest of the sleepers. Yes, it certainly looked more waxen than it had when I first looked at it.

I began to get ready for the night. I always take with me a little attaché case filled with things; for instance, a clean towel, soap and eau-de-cologne are indispensable. I always have the towel washed at the Hotel I am staying at in preparation for the next journey and so on. I also pack a little chocolate and a few biscuits in case there is no restaurant car, which often happens; also a pair of bedroom slippers, a woollen cap—for I don't care to lean my head against the seats abroad—and my own small, down pillow, for it seems incredible to me that English people use the station pillows, whose cases may be clean but whose insides are most certainly not. I also carry a thermos of tea and two cups. Someone is generally so grateful of a cup of tea on a journey although what kind

of tea my Calabrian proprietor had put up I did not know. So when I had arranged myself and put my hat and shoes on the rack and the pillow under my shoulders and the case in my lap, I leant forward and said in my rather slow Italian—

"Would your wife like a cup of tea?"

He was most grateful and so was his wife in a more subdued way. She smiled shyly at me and drank the tea. Then I made him have a cup too.

"You are going to Naples," I said, "please answer slowly because my Italian is not very good."

"Yes, to Naples. I am from Naples, but my wife is from the south, from Catanzaro, and she wished to have her baby at her mother's home, that is understandable, yes?"

"She doesn't look very strong," I said.

"It is only a fortnight since our little one was born, but my holiday is finished and I must return—but ever since he was born he has been ill—like this, no crying, so little milk he takes." "Yes," said the girl, "so little milk."

I saw that it was a relief for them to talk so we went on in a whisper. He was nearly mad with anxiety I could see. He touched the baby repeatedly; took off its socks and chaffed its little waxen feet; he took one of the tiny limp hands and chaffed that too.

"When he was born," he whispered to me, "he would hold my finger so hard that I could not get it away."

He told his little wife to try the breast again, and helped her as she feebly undid the buttons, watching anxiously as she pressed the little thing against her. She smiled at me above the baby's head with dark, tired eyes. Of course it was no good. The waxen eyelids fluttered for a moment and opened and then closed again as she laid him down, just like a German doll with eyes made to open and shut.

"If I were you," I said to the husband, "I should get her feet up—this long journey is too much for her." I

went into the corridor with the two teacups. I wanted to wash them and put them away—it's senseless having dirty things in a case when they might be clean. It was cooler in the corridor and the light made me blink. There were no people about because we were the only second class carriage in that coach; the rest were first and empty—so stupid, but there it is. The next coach was third class by the sound of it. I thought how jammed it must be and the smell didn't bear thinking about, but I should like to have sketched some of the types all the same.

When I pulled open the door of my compartment the nastiness of the atmosphere hit me in the face. I left the door open an inch hoping that it wouldn't be noticed but before I had felt my way to my seat the fat animal had slammed it too with a grunt.

The girl was lying on the seat now and looked more comfortable. I gave her a handkerchief sprinkled with eau-de-cologne to smell, and she thanked me with her eyes. He was sitting on the little bit of seat left to him gazing out into the scudding darkness and then looking at the inscrutable little face lying so placidly in the fold of its mother's body.

I always find that if I will myself sufficiently I can make myself sleep whenever I wish. I certainly must have dropped off, but not for very long. I woke up with a start to feel the train shuddering to a standstill with a great grinding scrunch of brakes. Then there was a tremendous stillness. Then a great commotion started in the third class coach. I could hear it even through the closed door. The signals must be against us, I thought, because I could see we were at no station as not a glimmer of light or movement showed outside. The vicious little mongrel yawned noisily and rubbed his watery eyes. The belonging of the thin dark man sat up and rubbed her eyes. A guard rushed along the corridor towards the third class coach.

"Where are we?" whined the belonging, looking at the mongrel.

"I think, Signorina, there is something the matter," he said.

The fat animal switched on the light.

"Turn out the light," I said, "there is a lady sleeping here." He gave me an ugly look but complied.

"What is it? Where are we?" groaned the tall, thin man, stretching in my face.

Then they all began to talk.

"Someone pulled the communication cord!"

"It is a plan to wreck the train!"

"Nonsense," I said, "the signals are against us, that's all."

Nevertheless, they all flocked out into the corridor, letting down the windows with a snap and leaning far out into the cold night air.

"You go and see what it is," I said to the husband. "I'll look after her." She still slept. All the talking had not waked her. She was sleeping the sleep of deep exhaustion.

There was tremendous noise and confusion in the corridor by this time. Men walked up and down smoking, talking excitedly and using their hands. I began to think there really had been an outrage of some kind on the line. If they had removed a sleeper or something like that it would be a long time before we got on again, but I consoled myself by thinking that the Italians never do things very thoroughly, and the thing, whatever it was, was probably easily remedied—when they had all finished talking, of course.

Soon, however, a little crowd of women and two guards came slowly along carrying something. I heard them go into the first class carriage next door. I heard a moan too. I was rather annoyed not to be able to go and see what was happening but I had promised to stay with the poor child.

At last the train began to move its joints. A slow creeping jolt like a spine that vibrates to a blow, and we were off again. The men began to trickle back.

"It's terrible," the husband whispered to me. "It is a woman in the third class. She has born a child and now she is dead," he nodded his head backwards. He bent over his wife and child and pulled the coat up round her shoulders.

The man with the vicious mouth crossed himself as he slunk in . . . I could see he didn't like travelling next to a dead woman.

"The baby's a boy and it's alive," whined the belonging. "Holy Mother, how awful it is." And she put her head down again on the man's lap and gave a little shiver.

"Of course a whore would have her brat on our train," grunted the fat animal in the corner. "We're twenty minutes behind time already."

"I don't wonder they couldn't get anyone to sit in there with it," said vicious mouth. -

"They got a woman in the end," said the thin man, stroking the hair on his lap. He yawned. His breath smelt worse than ever. Even eau-de-Cologne wasn't proof against it.

"Poor thing," I thought. It must be frightful having a baby in all this publicity. Then I remembered that she was dead. What a tragedy that silent quarter of an hour's wait had beaten out. A birth and a death! But somehow it irritated me as well—it was so like the Italians!

"She was quite alone," whispered the husband to me. "She hadn't a ring, poor thing. She told another woman she was going to Venchino to try and get a situation. She'd spent all her money on her ticket—I suppose they'll put her out there. Poor, sad soul, she suffered much."

On we went again through the night. Birth and Death suddenly seemed to me very small and transitory things. They happened and we stopped for them with due courtesy and then on we went again as before tearing through that ghostly night darkness.

The animal was snoring deep sonorous bellows of sound. It was difficult to sleep but finally their very regularity sent me off.

Again I woke up with a start, but this time it was a soft tap on my hand that roused me.

"What is it?" I said. I thought, this really is a bit too much. It's always the same with these people.

Then I heard a whisper, almost a hiss in my ear. "Oh, Signora, what shall I do—it's dead!"

"What's dead?" I said, pushing my cap back, for it always comes down over my eyes, and I was still dazed with sleep.

"My little one, my baby! Oh, Mother of God, how shall I tell her!"

In a moment I was wide awake and looking at the child which he had taken on to his lap. I fumbled in my case and found my torch. Yes, it was quite dead. I could see that before I had touched it. The tiny hand was already becoming ice cold.

He sat there with tears streaming down his face.

"I daren't tell her—she worships him. The doctor told me she may never have another." Over and over again he whispered the words to me until they conveyed nothing but a jumble of sounds.

"Hush," I said in my slow, painful Italian, "you don't want to wake her yet."

He seemed to obey me, to wait for me to do something, say something. I flashed the torch on my watch—it was 3 o'clock. The bleak, black landscape fled past the window noiselessly. There was no noise anywhere—only the train seemed alive. I suppose it's natural for an Englishwoman to seize upon a practical solution to anything, but it is certainly un-English to mix up the practical and the bizarre, as I did. I dismissed the idea first of all, but it kept on thrusting itself before me, and it is so practical, so right, I thought to myself—I'm not frightened of a pack of foreigners. I put my finger to my lips and threaded my way as quietly as I could out of the carriage. There wasn't a soul in the corridor. Very gently I slid open the door of the first class carriage and looked in. It looked very peaceful. It was easy to

see the outline of the figure under the white sheet. Two candles burnt at the head and a wooden crucifix lay on the breast. The Italians are always ready for an emergency—perhaps the trains carry a supply of candles and crosses in case. On the little railway table was a bowl with some milk in it and a spoon. There was also a bigger bowl with water and a piece of yellow rag. They had tried to feed and wash the baby evidently. The bowls kept up an incessant rat-tat, jingle-jingle on the wood. All the blinds were pulled down. On the seat opposite the corpse sat an old woman in a red shawl and in her arms lay the poor little mite wrapped in a dirty piece of cloth. The woman was fast asleep, her grey, old mouth hanging open, the spittle slowly oozing down her chin. The baby moved—it was alive, but that was all. I suppose the old woman knew she could do no more for it. Gently I closed the door to. I began to feel a guilty delight in what I was doing or going to do. It struck me as ridiculous and unnecessary that two little babies should die and a mother go frantic when one little baby and the mother might be happy ever after. So when I got back I talked—and the husband left off crying and gaped at me. It was impossible, it would be found out. I was a mad Englishwoman.

"Very well," I said, "but it seems the easiest and best solution. You say she may not have another."

Oh, he wanted to so much, but he was frightened—he made little difficulties.

"But they would not look the same?"

"My good man, Italian babies always look the same as young as that. It's a boy and your little one has never put on weight since its birth and the other is as big already—but"—I shrugged my shoulders—"it is merely an idea."

Then he talked of the burial—his baby buried as an unwanted—still it had been baptized.

The girl sighed in her sleep and held her breast as if it pained her.

"It will soon be too late," I whispered.

"Yes," he said, running his hand through his hair, "Yes, yes."

We undressed the little dead thing. It was hard to take the woolly garments off. The man started fearfully at every sound. Dumbly he wrapped it in a shawl, made the sign of the cross over it and handed it to me. Again I crept out. The animal stirred and muttered in his sleep. My heart sank into my boots. What excuse should I give if I were found. I did not know. All was as I left it in the next carriage—the bowls rattling noisily on the table as the train swayed from side to side. I closed the door and stood there. The train rushed through a station and I saw a blurr of lights. Then it was dark again. The candles flickered wildly with the movement and cast long, thin shadows. Gently I took the living child from the old woman's arms. A moment, and the shawls were exchanged and suddenly I wanted to cry—yes I did—I who haven't cried for years. I kissed the little dead thing on its marble forehead.

"You'll be just as happy in those arms now, my dear," I said, and left it.

Somehow we got the other poor little wretch dressed in the woollies and the husband gently put it against the sleeping girl's breast. How it sucked, poor little thing, its tiny red hands clawing in ecstasy.

It was just beginning to get light when we drew in at Laurino. This time nobody got excited or bothered to wake when the dead woman was taken out. I wondered if the little dead baby was under the sheet as well now. Slowly we drew out of the station leaving a blur of white on the platform surrounded by a little group of officials.

It was 4.30. We were fleeing through a ghostly grey land just coming to life but deathly still; faint trails and blurrs of mist hung over the fields; little squat houses were dotted here and there, weighed down with sleep. And then the girl woke up. She flung out an arm as she

opened her eyes. There was a whip of colour in her cheeks. She felt her baby sucking.

"Carlo," she said bewildered, "look, he's drinking!" She looked more closely at it. "Why he's better, he's stronger, but he's changed! he looks so red."

"That is a sign of recovery," I said.

"Yes," said the husband, "while you slept he took a turn."

She believed us. Why should she disbelieve? She was very young and not at all well.

"Oh," she smiled, "oh, my baby."

It was getting quite light now. I did a crossword puzzle until 5 o'clock. Then I collected my things and made for the lavatory. I always try to go there very early before anyone else, for it gives one so much more time. It was good to feel water on my face and hands. I gave my hair a good brush and put on a clean blouse. I also used my little travelling clothes brush—it's really surprising the fluff one collects during a night. I brushed up my shoes and gave them a polish and got the dirt away from under my nails with an orange stick. We get to Naples at 6, I thought. I am sure to be able to get some coffee and brioche there. I went back to the compartment and began putting away my night things. The carriage began to wake up disgustingly. The thin man stretched again in my face, and his belonging, heavy and pale with tiredness, sat up and began to powder her face.

I packed up my night things in the case and put on my hat. My pillow had fallen on the ground and the thin man had his heel on it. I wrapped it up in newspaper for immediate washing. That's everything, I thought. I looked on the rack. Three cases and my portfolio. I put the little attaché case on the top. Most of my money I had of course sewn into my corsets, so I let my bag, gloves and umbrella lie in the lower rack. I kept my passport in the inner pocket of my coat safety-pinned at the top. On my lap I had my book, the

crossword puzzle and a pencil. The next thing was to get some hot coffee.

The husband and wife looked at me but suddenly seemed shy. He was beginning to get the bags down and she was busy wrapping the baby in an extra shawl, murmuring joyfully to it. We tore past Pompeii with its dreary modern station and soon we were running along beside the Bay of Naples with its early morning fishing craft dotted everywhere. Here we were. The platform was on the corridor side, which was a nuisance. I went out into the corridor and pushed down the window and leant out. Behind me people were jostling and pushing with bundles and cases and what not, all making for the end of the coach to alight, and porters were in and out of the carriages like rabbits. The air was cold and stinging and pleasurable after the night. There was the coffee stall. I beckoned to it. The brioche looked stale. The man swore they were new but I made him let me feel them—as hard as nails—so I got a couple of soft rolls just baked, which was lucky, and also the coffee was really hot. What luck, I thought, getting them easily like that.

I carried them back to my carriage. Different people were there and the window was open. I looked at my companion opposite, sharply. "English," I thought interestedly.

"You don't mind the window," she said in English.

"Goodness gracious, no," I said, "I've been cooped up here all night with Italians and, as you may imagine, not a scrap of air."

"How terrible, are you going to Rome?"

"Yes," I said, enjoying my coffee, "I've come up from Calabria."

"How interesting. I've never been further south than Naples." I suddenly felt pleased with everything. "How lucky you struck on my carriage," I said. "It's so nice to have someone to talk to, and journeys *are* rather dreary affairs, aren't they?"

Soviet Justice

By Comte D'Albaret

[Comte D'Albaret was born and brought up in Russia, joined the Communist Party in 1917 and practised as a barrister under the Soviet Régime for some years. Later, he became profoundly disgusted with the régime and succeeded in the face of great difficulties in returning to France and resuming his French nationality.]

MY purpose in writing this article is to keep my promise to my colleagues left behind in Soviet Russia, that when I escaped from that " Socialist Paradise " I would try to tell people something of the truth of the G.P.U. and its methods in regard to the trials of the so-called counter-revolutionaries.

A Soviet proverb says, " Give us the man and we will find the crime," and in accordance with this the G.P.U. proceed to " make " up their case. They have, first of all, to obtain a " confession " from their prisoner on which to base their accusations. This is done by a relentless and systematic cross-examination, during which it is frankly explained to him that the Soviet authorities require his admission of counter-revolutionary activities in order to explain the failure of some of their economic experiments, and that it will be better for him to acquiesce and sign his " confession " as concocted by the G.P.U. If he should refuse, and repudiate the statements of his " friends " who have witnessed against him, he is informed that his punishment will be the death penalty; but if he gives in his life will be spared, and he will be deported, or, if his case does go to court, he will be secretly released after the verdict. Persistence in his refusal, however, will mean torture before he is finally put to death. Frightened by all these threats, the unfortunate man signs the document submitted to him; but if he plucks up his courage at the trial and denies his confession, the Court will feign not to believe him, and he will be given the maximum sentence, in order to bamboozle the public. Should he go further, and speak of the threats by which the G.P.U. extorted his confession, or of the torture he had to undergo, asking for a medical examination to prove the latter,

he will be shot immediately after the verdict has been given. I have acted as counsel for the defence at several trials which have ended in this way; the prisoners, accused of counter-revolution, complained of being menaced and tortured by agents of the G.P.U., but as they were only defenceless peasants they were simply done away with without any further formalities. In this event, so the prisoner is warned, his signature to the necessary "confession" will be calmly forged by the G.P.U. after his death. Sometimes a trial has to be abandoned for political reasons, in which case it is quickly hurried to a conclusion, a verdict of deportation pronounced, and the affair is closed.

To accuse class outsiders, "non-proletarians," specialists, engineers, or professors, of sabotage is not always sufficient, and the Soviets choose a certain number of their victims from the Communist Party in order to give their proceedings an air of impartiality. These men take upon themselves the blame for the Government's failure to pay the factory workers their wages, which are continually in arrears owing to the lack of funds in the State Bank, or the exhaustion of the credit of the factory concerned. Every firm has a limited credit fixed by the authorities.

An elaborate case is prepared in which the responsible official is summoned and "confesses" before the Court that he has not paid his men the wages due to them. He is sentenced to several months' forced labour, and continues his work on half-pay until, his punishment over, he is given a clean sheet again.

These tricks are carried out in the greatest secrecy, but they are still considered necessary to hoodwink the public. The Russian workman does not believe much in sabotage trials conducted by the hated G.P.U.; but when, hungry and miserable, not having been paid for months, he sees in a public session of the Court a Communist convicted of having kept back his wages, he is naturally taken in, and is willing to acquiesce once more in putting the blame on the wrong shoulders.

From time to time the Soviets engineer an economic counter-revolutionary sensation to promote their foreign policy. To prepare public opinion abroad for this is an extremely delicate task. Who, living beyond the boundaries of the "red Paradise," and so out of reach of the long arm of the G.P.U., will believe in all this camouflage, and in the wilful destruction by engineers of machinery they have just so laboriously made? So the G.P.U. lays its plans very carefully before accusing foreigners of counter-revolutionary activities or arresting them on such a charge.

The question of how the G.P.U. succeeds in obtaining the "confessions" of innocent foreigners was brought into prominence by the incomprehensible attitude of certain defendants in one Soviet trial, which was given immense publicity and broadcast all over Russia. Like many other foreigners, they were "prepared" long before the trial, according to definite regulations laid down for such cases, and then held in readiness until the authorities should have need of them. It was only at the last moment it was decided to make use of those particular victims for the trial.

Every foreigner working in the U.S.S.R. becomes the object of the particular attentions of the so-called Inner Observation of the G.P.U. When necessary, investigations as to his antecedents, his social and financial position, his tastes and habits and the details of his private life are made, not only in Russia, but also in the foreigner's own country. Acting on this information, the G.P.U. undertake to "faire leur cour." They begin by playing on his weak points, by surrounding him with people qualified to gain his confidence by their similarity of tastes and habits. An ambitious man, no matter how incompetent his work may be, is promoted; one in debt receives disproportionate remuneration for small services, etc. At the same time, their intellectual education is taken in hand. Maxim Gorky is one of the chief Government agents for this work, and he is universally detested in consequence.

Even foreigners who have lived for years in Soviet Russia, and are well conversant with its language and customs, get entangled in this network of spying. The Soviets have brought the art of espionage to perfection, not only technically but psychologically. Spying, according to their theories, is a virtue, a moral heroism, and children are even taught to spy on their parents and report to their schoolmasters. It is unsafe to touch on politics or any aspect of the regime in conversation with anyone, however well one thinks one knows them, or however innocent they may appear to be.

Soviet citizens are not permitted to accept employment from a foreign organization or individual. Any work done for a foreign firm, newspaper or embassy is officially considered a crime of counter-revolution. Therefore, whenever a Soviet citizen is found in the employ of a foreigner, it is proof positive that he is also in the Secret Service of the G.P.U. This has been admitted by a Russian witness employed by a foreign firm at a Soviet trial.

All foreigners, after a period of the special attention and favours described above, are invited to join the Communist Party. If they do so they are very soon expelled from it, but they have been rendered harmless once and for all: as former members of the Party they are under the constant menace of being accused of counter-revolution. I happen to have had some German and American citizens among my clients who were victims of this treacherous system.

Other cases are somewhat more complicated, but every effort is made to bind foreigners to the regime. Various ingenious means are employed to this end, such as inducing them to sign some anti-Imperial document, to subscribe to the military funds of the U.S.S.R., or to give some information to the G.P.U. Once fallen into the trap, the stage is set for Act 2.

The unfortunate foreigner is next invited to the headquarters of the G.P.U., where the officials proceed to make his acquaintance. They begin by telling " their

guest" that they are suspicious as to his real work in the U.S.S.R. and, without giving him any facts, they suggest he should dispel these suspicions by giving some evidence of his fidelity to the Soviet Government. Their victim may admit that he is not wholly in agreement with all the ideals of the Communist Party, but that he is perfectly loyal to the Soviet Government. Here there is a pause, and, after a minute or two, the official writes a few lines and hands his "guest" a formal declaration of loyalty or even devotion to the Soviets, and asks him to sign it. Should he object, he is politely reminded of the accusation against him of counter-revolution, which, if proved, means capital punishment. In fact, the unfortunate man has little or no choice, and, unaware of the hypnotic power exercised over him by the G.P.U., he ends by signing everything submitted to him. But before he leaves he is warned that this enquiry by the G.P.U. is strictly secret, and he has to sign another agreement that he will not divulge his visit or the conversation which has taken place even to his wife. The following sentence is inserted: "If I do not keep this agreement I am responsible before the secret laws of the G.P.U.", which, it is explained to him, means that, should he break his promise, his death will ensue without arrest but in some simulated accident.

In a few days he is recalled to the familiar room at headquarters, and the cross-examination is resumed. This time the enquiry is made in private (an invisible typist taking notes in the next room). The accusation of counter-revolution is trotted out again, with renewed protests from the victim, until the official announces that all verbal assertions and signed declarations are valueless and abruptly proposes his guest should prove his sincerity by becoming a Soviet citizen for the duration of his stay in the U.S.S.R.

The unfortunate man, taken aback, objects, and refuses to give up his own nationality, but then he is told that he was evidently not sincere in his previous protestations of good faith, and that his refusal proves

conclusively that the suspicions as to his counter-revolutionary activities were well founded. He is also reminded of the service rendered by him to the Soviet authorities, and that revelation of this fact at home might injure his reputation. If, in spite of everything, he still holds out, the inquisitor admits there is one way out of the difficulty, which is to accept a Soviet passport, keeping his national one as well. To the whole world he thus remains a citizen of his own country, but he is a Soviet citizen in the eyes of the G.P.U. until the day of his departure from Russia. His passport will be filed by them and nobody else will know of its existence, unless he should come into conflict with the authorities, when it will be ruthlessly used. In those circumstances they would taunt him with his Soviet passport and threaten to show it to his Embassy, who would then be obliged to disown him (for other countries do not recognize dual nationality), even if they did not consider him a traitor.

At least, that is the personal explanation I was given of the eventual use to which my Soviet passport would have been put had I accepted one.

According to the statement of the G.P.U., half the foreigners residing and working in the U.S.S.R. possess double citizenship. And this I know to be true.

I myself only succeeded in avoiding this trap because I had never been arrested or isolated from the outer world; otherwise I would undoubtedly have signed anything submitted to me, as many another foreigner has done. I did sign some agreement with the G.P.U. which prevented me applying to my Embassy, but I made use of a special means of communication which I cannot yet reveal, thanks to which the French Embassy was able to warn me under no circumstances to accept Soviet citizenship; to this I owe my escape from Russia. This affords a probable explanation of incidents in Soviet trials which have puzzled observers.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

November 14th.

So much of importance in our farming industry and our agricultural policy has been and still is happening that I have decided to start my diary once again. British agriculture is making history.

To-day the Milk Marketing Board issued its prices for October. Everybody will not be satisfied with them, and I notice that my own county, Wiltshire, comes into the lowest priced region. Even so, the Board is to be congratulated on the undoubted success of its first and most difficult month's working. Prices generally are, I think, down a trifle from last year, but all commodity prices are down, and without the Board's control of the situation, milk prices would have slumped still further. The great thing to remember is that the Ministry of Agriculture is now definitely concerned with the prosperity of our dairy industry. After years of Ministers, whose eyes have been so full of wheat chaff from East Anglia that they have been unable to look clearly on Great Britain's farming picture as a whole, this is a welcome change. First pigs, then milk, soon eggs and other meat we hope. What can have happened? Is commonsense to have the front seat in farming politics for a while?

November 15th.

Went up to the N.F.U. dinner to-day. There can be no doubt but that the N.F.U. has greatly enhanced its reputation during the past year by its help in the framing and starting of the new marketing schemes, which could not have been done without it. Under this new era in farming politics the N.F.U. has become a much more important factor in the life of the nation, and its president, Mr. B. J. Gates, is to be congratulated on the way in which he has managed the Union's affairs during the past year. The Prince of Wales honoured the Union by his company at the dinner, and made a real farmer's

speech, in which he emphasized the importance of livestock and horticulture. The Minister of Agriculture had a fine reception, and I think that most of us went home feeling that if we, as farmers, back him loyally, he will not let us down.

November 17th.

I am glad to see in the papers signs of increasing interest in the Young Farmers' Club Movement. This must be a good thing for many reasons. One, which springs to my mind immediately, is that it deals primarily with livestock farming, and therefore must help the youth of to-day to realize that this branch is the mainstay of our farming industry. Another is that to look after any animal must teach a boy or girl a proper pride in their own achievements. The old dairyman on most farms talks of " his calves " although they do not belong to him legally. He worries far more about their well-being than about hours of work. To-day, when it would seem that no political party, no religious body, and no educational authority is making any attempt to teach that true happiness can only be attained through cultivating the old dairyman's attitude to work, we must be thankful for Young Farmers' Clubs. To hear a boy or girl say to a friend, " I'm sorry, but I can't come to the pictures this evening because I have my calves to see to," makes one feel that there may yet be hope for the future of mankind. Livestock must be fed and watered and cared for at regular times. There is no dodging it.

November 18th.

Farm work is pottering along suently. The rush jobs are over for the time being. The sugar beet have been railed, and the land ploughed and sown to wheat, so apart from the " drowning " work in the water-meadows all we have on hand is the feeding and milking of some eighty cows. In one sense it is good weather for the irrigation work, as the meadows are dry, and the drowner

can clean out the larger ditches the more easily and efficiently, but unless we soon get some rain, and a lot of rain, he will be hard put to it to drown any of the meadows. Just now there simply isn't any water anywhere.

November 20th.

I was over in the dairy to-day talking and planning with my head roundsman, and remarked how well his milk cob looked. "Ah," he said, "Cast thee mind when we bought 'im? 'Tis fifteen year ago come Christmas. 'Ee wur risin' vower. You said 'ee wur too young fer a milk round, but I telled 'ee wot I tells 'ee agen, 'Ef you don't buy colts, you niver got any 'osses.' Look at 'im now fer nigh on nineteen year old." I've been thinking about this remark since, and it seems to be yet another point in favour of Young Farmers' Clubs. The good old days of farming are gone, but the good new days are in the hands of the young, and if we can get them interested in animal husbandry the good new days must come along in a few years' time. Besides anything which can teach our young people that all the best things in life are not to be found in towns must be all to the good.

November 21st.

Some weeks ago I broke up a pasture at the top end of my farm, as I had sown it down with an unsuitable mixture. In due course we put it into wheat. I walked over it this morning to find that there is an excellent plant, and also that the rabbits have discovered this fact. Later on in my travels I met the keeper of the beat, and we settled the fate of a lot of these marauders for one day next week. Few townsfolk realize what an orderly scheme of things country life is, and how everybody fits into it as into a jigsaw puzzle.

November 22nd.

Just now I am finding life rather too real and too earnest for my naturally lazy disposition. Farming,

retailing and scribbling are my three business interests in these days and they are all suffering because together they are more than I can tackle properly. I must therefore abandon one, and I have decided to sell my retail milk business. There are no half-measures in the retail trade —you should be either in it up to the neck or out of it altogether. Funny how life alters. Three years ago I was sweating to extend my retail rounds, and now I have decided to sell all of them.

November 23rd.

Still the dry weather continues. Most years the open-air cows have been driven to drier ground on the downs by this time, but this season they are still in their summer quarters. I have about forty acres of low marshy pastures which to-day are as dry as a bone; usually, these are under water at this date. I should imagine that the water supply of the country is at its lowest for many years.

November 24th.

Have found a happy solution to my milk business problem. Have sold half the business, the Salisbury round, to a trader in that city, and the other half, the Wilton portion, to my head roundsman. I do not know when I have been more pleased at the outcome of a piece of business. Both the roundsman and his son have served me and my customers faithfully and well, and I am overjoyed that they will now be working on their own. Even so, I signed both agreements with a tinge of regret; one hates to part with something which one has built up by one's own efforts. I can remember the beginning of that Salisbury round; on the first day we sold three and a half gallons—now its sales are nearly seventy daily. Still, it will be rather nice to have a Saturday evening which is not earmarked in advance by milk books.

November 28th.

I bought twelve heifers and calves to-day in Salisbury market. Decided that anything over twenty pounds was no good for my type of dairying but find that I purchased at from £16 to £24, and that the lot averaged a shade under £19. In either 1919 or 1920 I can remember picking twelve springing heifers out of a bunch of thirty at sixty pounds per head, which shows how capital values of farm stock have depreciated, and also perhaps that at that date I possessed more money than sense.

December 3rd.

Our Salisbury milk round came to an end yesterday, and this morning my men went in to help the new people with their first delivery. It is a ticklish business selling a retail round. The British housewife does not like to think that she is being sold without her consent. However, we seem to have effected the change over without too many heart-searchings, in spite of the fact that to-day it was hardly fit for anyone to be out of doors. It has been bitter cold with a North-East wind going—a lazy wind, it could not be bothered to go round but just went straight through you.

December 6th.

A white frost this morning. Every bush and tree seemed to be clothed in a filigree of white lace. Later in the day the sun had destroyed this fragile garment, and my friends, the trees, were gaunt and bare once again. In youth and lusty manhood Nature clothes the year in fine raiment but in old age she strips him naked. Still, here is no old hag, decked and painted to appear as a young woman, but a man, grown old honestly and unashamed. His December portrait should not depress anyone. Soon he will die, but at his death a New Year will be born, and the land never dies. Whatever may happen in the meantime, when next April comes Spring with its promise of Summer to follow will be with us once again.

In these uncertain days surely we should be thankful for this one certainty, which, mark you, does not depend on any human direction or devising.

December 8th.

In one of the biggest grocer's shops in this district I obtained some very cheering information to-day. "We used to sell only 10 per cent. of Wiltshire bacon, and to-day we are selling at least 50 per cent. It's good stuff, too, better and leaner than Danish," the shopman said to me. There is no doubt that at long last the powers that be are working on the right track in farming politics. We can do this bacon job better than anybody else, but only discipline will make us do it properly. If we want the consumer's business, we must produce the article which he wants, not the article which we should like to produce. Of course, this may mean that many of our breeds of pigs will have to drop out, but surely it is better for this to happen than for the farmers of England to drop out.

December 12th.

Apropos to the previous note a farming friend told me to-day that one of his freshly-calved heifers was ruined yesterday owing to another cow hooking her in the udder. It is difficult to estimate the amount of loss which stock owners in this country suffer from this cause during a year, but it is a material sum of money. If our various breeds of pigs must come down to one utilitarian type, ought not our agricultural show authorities to consider whether the horn in some of our valuable breeds of cattle is so very precious? This, of course, is rank heresy, for the horn is a show point and will be, I suppose, like the poor, always with us. These little niceties were all very well when farming was a charming gentlemanly occupation, but to-day it is a business, and if it is to succeed a good many of them will have to be cast into the discard of history.

Is Evolution True?

By Arnold Lunn

ALL Christians are free either to believe or to reject the theory that the body of man has been evolved from the body of animal ancestors. The purpose of the present article is not to refute evolution, the complete proof of which would leave Christian doctrines unaffected, but to attack the degradation of evidential standards among modern scientists. "An assertion," said T. H. Huxley, "which outstrips the evidence is not only a blunder but a crime." Now, it is easy to show that though evolution may be a plausible theory, it is far from being a proven fact, and consequently those who protest against the teaching of evolution to the young as an infallible dogma are fighting the battle, not of religion, but of science. They are, in effect, condemning the kind of thing which Huxley himself described as a scientific crime. And I am inclined to think that Huxley would have been the first to criticize the following statement in a book which his grandson, Julian, helped to write. "There is to-day," write Messrs. Wells and Julian Huxley in "The Science of Life," "no denial of the fact of organic evolution except on the part of manifestly ignorant and prejudiced and superstitious minds." Certainly the statement which will be found in the same book to the effect that "evolution is a fact as well established as the roundness of the earth" is not only a blunder but a crime.

Sir Ambrose Fleming, F.R.S., the President of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain and one of the most distinguished scientists of the day, casts grave doubts on evolution in his book, "Evolution and Creation," a book which is published at the low price of 3s. 6d. by Marshall, Morgan & Scott, Ltd. I have read few better summaries of the present position of the evolutionary controversy. Must we, therefore, assume that Sir Ambrose is "ignorant or superstitious"?

Professor Albert Fleischmann, Professor of Zoology

in the University of Erlangen, Germany, stated in 1933 that our modern knowledge of animal anatomy is quite incompatible with the leading modern tenets of the theory of organic evolution.

That great scientist and convinced evolutionist, the late Yves Delage, admitted frankly that his belief in evolution was based less on natural history than on personal philosophical opinion. "If one takes one's stand upon the exclusive ground of the facts," he wrote, "it must be acknowledged that the formation of one species from another species has not been demonstrated at all."

Few people would really believe that evolution has been proved if the evolutionist had not muddled the issue by unscientific terminology. One does not, of course, expect scientific terminology to be as lucid, as unambiguous, as precise, in a word as scientific, as the terminology of theologians such as St. Thomas Aquinas. But when we have made every possible allowance, which charity dictates, for men who have not enjoyed the theologian's training in exact thought, we have a right to protest against the slip-shod fashion with which the evolutionist habitually confuses two totally different things, changes within a framework of definite limitations and changes which transcend the limits of the natural family. I think I was, perhaps, the first to suggest the use of such terms as "minor evolution" for the former and "major evolution" for the latter. More recently, Mr. Dewar suggests that we should use "evolution" for the hypothesis that, say, a reptile has evolved into a bird, a differentiation from the fact that sea-urchins, over long periods, have exhibited certain minor changes.

Now, of all grotesque bluffs, the attempt to trot out the evidence for a fact which nobody disputes, the fact of minor evolution, as if it were evidence for the untenable theory of major evolution is the most grotesque. Mr. H. G. Wells and Professor Julian Huxley, for

instance, have headed a section of their book, "The Science of Life," with the following heading, "The Continuity of Evolution as proved by Sea-Urchins." In other words, the conservatism of the sea-urchins, which throughout millions of years have remained substantially the same, is solemnly cited as evidence to prove such tremendous changes as the change from a reptile without wings into a bird.

The scientific arguments for major unlimited evolution are sketchy in the extreme. The fossil records are eloquent in their witness of the possibility of evolution within the framework of definite limitations, and are no less eloquent in the tacit refutation of the possibility of transcending those limits. There is, as Fleischmann insists, no evidence whatever that the limits of species have ever been passed. The great anatomist, Vialleton, insists that the variations affected in animals by environment never transgress the limits of the natural family. The species, he says, is essentially the unit of the organic world, and its production indicates a special intervention of creative power.

Genesis may be nothing more than an inspired poem, but it is intriguing to discover that we can find far more support for Genesis in the geological record than for the theories of evolutionists.

The geological record suggests that the simplest forms of life were the first to appear. So does Genesis. The geological record suggests that new types appeared suddenly, as if specially created. So does Genesis. The geological record does *not* suggest a pedigree stretching from the simplest cell to man, for in this case we should find a series of intermediate links between the different types. We find no such missing links. The geological record, which should be gradual and continuous if evolution be true, is abrupt and discontinuous. New forms of life appear suddenly. The rocks are eloquent in their witness to great periodic advances, to sudden inspired discoveries, to new out-

bursts of creative activity. Note that, again and again, we find forms constructed on a fundamental new pattern. The first shells appear suddenly. The rocks record no experiments in shell making. There are no links between fishes and amphibians, no links between oviparous and placental mammals, and no true links between reptiles and birds. Archæopteryx, which has been claimed as a missing link, has been described by Viallaton, the greatest anatomist of the twentieth century, as a true bird. It is definitely not an intermediate, so he tells us, between reptiles and birds. And Berg, as we shall see, supports this view.

Evolutionists retort that the geological record is very imperfect, and that we are therefore not entitled to draw any conclusion from the absence of those fossils whose existence is essential for this theory. But the evolutionists forget that the whole chronological scheme is based on the assumption that we *are* entitled to draw certain conclusions from the absence of fossils in certain strata. A fossilized bird in the Silurian strata, a human skeleton in the Triassic, would refute the whole evolutionary scheme, which is based on a definite sequence proceeding from simpler to more complex forms. Evolutionists argue confidently from the absence of human skeletons in the Triassic, but the anti-evolutionist is forbidden to argue, diffidently, from the absence of fossilized feathers in Triassic strata. In other words, the evolutionist asks us to believe that the missing volumes in Nature's books contain all the evidence which he needs to support his theory, and none of the evidence which the anti-evolutionist requires, a request which would be strange if the general drift of Nature's autobiography supported his thesis, but is grotesquely impertinent in view of the fact that the whole fossil record virtually negatives that thesis. If fossils be sentences in Dame Nature's autobiography, then we must regretfully admit that the old lady has signally failed to explain her happiest and most fruitful discoveries.

We would give a great deal for a few words on "How I thought of shells." The first cells which we find are perfect in construction, a "miracle of device." Many an established poet has spent vast sums in buying up poems which he wrote in his youth and destroying all known copies of such early experiments in verse making. It would seem that Dame Nature is equally jealous for her reputation, and equally anxious to destroy her juvenilia. A great pity, for how fascinating would be a chapter opening on some such words as these:—

"Ah, how well I remember that sunny morning in those dear old mesozoic days, when the idea of a bird first flashed across my mind. The earth was getting dreadfully crowded, and it suddenly struck me that it would be a good plan to divert some of this traffic to the sky. Yes, but how? I puzzled and I puzzled, and then at last it occurred to me that scales might be transformed into feathers. How I wish you could have seen my first crude, abortive attempts at feather making, how you would have laughed. The earth saw nothing like it again until man's first tentative experiments at making aeroplanes."

But the first feathers that we find perform their functions perfectly. Dame Nature has been equally remiss in describing her first experiments at varying the monotony of housing embryos in eggs by inventing a womb. "The change between an embryo developing in an egg and an embryo developing in a uterus, and fed through a placenta by the mother's blood, is ideationally, physiologically, anatomically a prodigious change that —if it took place—could hardly take place gradually, and that certainly involved a great many other fundamental changes, such as—to mention only a few—mammary glands, new nerve reflexes, new hormones, pre-arrangement for parturition and for placental connection and separation, pelvic alterations."*

* "The Theology of Evolution," page 60. By R. C. Macfie. (Unicorn Press.)

Modern scientists are beginning to realize that the "imperfection of the geological record" is wearing very thin as an excuse for failing to produce *any* of the evidence which the evolutionists require to support their theory. Berg's verdict on this question is important. Nobody can suspect Berg, a Russian scientist employed by an atheistic government, of any prejudice in favour of religion. Moreover, Berg's great work, "Nomogenesis," is thought highly of by Professor J. B. S. Haldane, who is certainly not biassed in favour of Christianity.

Berg certainly realizes the weakness of the appeal to the imperfections of the geological record. "It is truly remarkable," he writes, "that palæontology in no way displays transitional forms between phyla and classes, and, possibly, not even between orders. Thus, we are ignorant of transitional forms not only between vertebrates and invertebrates, fishes and tetrapods, but even between cartilaginous (chondrichthyes such as sharks, etc.) and higher fishes (osteichthyes); in spite of a wonderful affinity between reptiles and birds, no transitional forms between them are known hitherto. Formerly, this circumstance was accounted for by the imperfection of the geological record; but it is none the less surprising that the deeper our knowledge penetrates into the domain of fossils, the further back recede genetic inter-relations, which, as it were, ever elude our grasp."

The public would have no excuse for believing in the alleged imperfection of the geological record were they not prevented from learning the truth by a scientific censorship far more effective than any exercised at Rome. It is, for instance, scandalous that there have been no discussions of the statistics collected by Mr. Dewar and Mr. G. A. Leverson, statistics which have been published in Mr. Dewar's book, "Difficulties of the Evolutionary Theory." Mr. Dewar read a paper before the Victoria Institute, the one institution in England which will give an anti-evolutionist a fair hearing, but his paper was suppressed, as we shall see, in other quarters.

Mr. Dewar's statistics seem to shatter the dogma on which the evolutionist builds his case, the belief that the geological record is so incomplete that it is positively caddish to draw attention to the absence from the rocks of all record of the intermediate types between the great orders. If Mr. Dewar's statistics are inaccurate, let our scientific pundits demonstrate their inaccuracy. If they are accurate, let them meet his case, which is briefly this. The geological record is not notably incomplete. On the contrary, it is very fairly representative of land beasts. Birds, as we know, are less liable to be preserved as fossils. Mr. Dewar shows that, though there are only forty-eight genera of European land mammals alive to-day, we have discovered no less than eighty genera in the Lower Oligocene, a period which is roughly estimated to have closed some thirty million years ago. If our views are influenced by the wistful sighs of the evolutionist weeping over the incompleteness of the geological record, we should expect to find that only a small fraction of the land mammals in any period leave fossil remains. We should certainly not expect to discover that twice as many fossilized land mammals in the Lower Oligocene as exists to-day. But is it really so rare for a genus to leave some record on the rocks? Manifestly, the odds against any individual member of that genus becoming fossilized are very heavy. Assume those odds are a million to one. But, if there are several million individuals in the genus, the odds would then be heavily in favour of one individual at least leaving a record on the rocks. In other words, we should expect to find, as indeed we do find, that the geological record is reasonably representative of the great genera. Mr. Dewar, for instance, has shown that *every one of the modern European land mammals has left a fossil record.*

If all the European land mammals of to-day have left fossils, why, oh why, have the intermediate types in the past failed to fossilize? Why are these missing

links so immune to fossilization? If Nature has been so generous in preserving a fossil record of the forms that exist in the world to-day, why has she been so drastic in her censorship of the intermediate types?

There may be an answer to this question, and, if there be, let our evolutioners produce it. Facts are stubborn things, and even the tyranny of our scientific censorship cannot suppress indefinitely the evidence which conflicts with scientific orthodoxy.

Of course, I have no means of knowing how far these statistics are accurate, and I invite your opinion on them. Mr. Dewar, who is a Fellow of the Zoological Society, sent this paper to the Society in the hope that it would be published in the Proceedings. The Secretary returned the paper with the following remarks: "I am sorry, but the Publication Committee cannot accept your paper. We got the opinion of a first-rate palæontologist and geologist about it, and he told us that, although it must have taken a very long time to compile it, he thought this kind of evidence led to no valuable conclusion."

Please note that the palæontologist in question did not challenge the accuracy of the evidence. He disliked the conclusion to which it seemed to point.

Is it surprising that Professor Dwight, the well-known Harvard anatomist, wrote as follows: "The tyranny of the Zeitgeist in the matter of evolution is overwhelming to a degree of which outsiders have no idea. Not only does it influence (as I admit it does in my own case) our manners of thinking, but there is oppression as in the days of the Terror. How very few of the leaders of science dare to tell the truth concerning their own state of mind."

It is undeniable, as Mr. Dewar says, that "those who do not accept this creed are deemed unfit to hold scientific offices; their articles are rejected by newspapers or journals; their contributions are refused by scientific societies, and publishers decline to publish

their books except at the author's expense. Thus the independents are to-day pretty effectually muzzled."

The other day I met a Fellow of the Royal Society. "I am glad you are taking up this issue," he said, "because, of course, we professional scientists can do nothing. Our hands are tied. Take my own case, for instance. Professor X regards Darwin as a Messiah. He has many good jobs in his gift, and no jobs going excepting to those who worship at the Darwin shrine."

It is high time that those of us who still believe in free thought should unite against the High Priests of Evolutionary Orthodoxy and insist that this fascinating question should be freely discussed.

If all other arguments against evolution could be met, it would still be difficult, if not impossible, to find a satisfactory answer to the difficulty of sterility. To discuss the point we must begin by defining what we mean by species.

Professor Poulton must, I think, be credited with the most satisfactory definition of a species. He defines a species as an inter-breeding community, a definition which I like for two reasons. In the first place, it is clear-cut; and in the second place it may prevent evolutionists claiming that they have proved the transformation of species by the simple expedient of labelling two closely-allied inter-breeding members of the same group as different species.

Take the well-known case of the hare and the rabbit. These two rodents exhibit remarkable similarities of structure and posture suggesting a common ancestor in the not too remote past. But they resolutely refuse to inter-breed. A species, as Mr. Kindersley remarks in an interesting paper read before the Victoria Institute, "with its isolating factor of sterility stands for fixed rigidity, and that spells death to any theory of organic evolution, *since all life, vegetable* and animal, is marshalled into 'species.' That factor of sterility has never been

known to be 'acquired.' It is the one determining patent of 'species' all the while open to proof."

Mr. Kindersley's name may not carry conviction, for he is not an evolutionist, and he is not a professional scientist. But it is less easy to dismiss Sir William Bateson, who says: "If 'species' have a common origin, where did they pick up the ingredients which produce this sexual incompatibility (sterility)? Almost certainly it is a 'variation' in which something has been added."

The old argument from recapitulation, which Haekel popularized, has been greatly weakened by recent criticism. Few scientists now would confidently assert that certain vague resemblances between the embryo of a man and the embryo of a fish are in themselves strong enough to justify the belief that men are descended from fishes. Professor Hamman has examined very thoroughly the evidence for recapitulation, and sums up his conclusions thus: "The changes that the ovum goes through up to its final adult form allows no conclusion to be drawn as to its ancestry." Mr. de Beer, a convinced evolutionist, in his stimulating book, "Biology and Evolution," allows no evolutionary conclusions to be drawn from embryology. The statement that "ontogeny and recapitulation of phylogeny leads to results which show not only that there is no universal truth, but also that as a slogan it has blinded attention to certain important directions in the understanding of the problems of heredity, embryology and evolution."

The argument from vestigial remains has been brilliantly criticized in one of the most stimulating chapters of a stimulating book, "The Theology of Evolution," by R. C. Macfie (Unicorn Press).

A prolonged study of evolutionary literature has convinced me of at least one indisputable fact. Many an evolutionist has missed his true vocation. I find in their writings far more evidence of a talent for poetry or fiction than of cold, detached weighing of evidence,

which should be the prelude to a scientific verdict. Evolutionary literature abounds in the most exact descriptions of creatures that have never existed. Scientists, for instance, write about Pro-aves, birds for whose very existence there is no shadow of evidence, fossil or otherwise, as if they kept poultry farms stocked with prize specimens of Pro-aves. Detailed drawings are published of Pitheanthropus, "carefully shaded," as Mr. Chesterton says, "to show that the very hairs of his head are all numbered. No uninformed person would imagine that this was a portrait of a thigh bone or of a few teeth and a fragment of a cranium." The Christian faith is based on historic documents and on evidence some of which is historic and some of which is direct and contemporary, but there is no direct and no contemporary and no historic evidence for evolution. Fortunately, a single tooth from prehistoric stratas suffices to make an evolutionist happy. In 1922 an imperfect molar was found in the Pleiocene strata, and was promptly hailed as the tooth of a missing link who was christened Hespericopithicus. "This Hespericopithicus tooth," wrote Professor Osborn, "is like the still, small voice. Its sound is by no means easy to hear. . . . This tooth speaks volumes of truth."

So it did, for the tooth turned out to be the tooth of a bear, and poor old "Hespy" was ignominiously expelled from the Missing Link Club.

I have given in the second edition of my book, "The Flight From Reason," many examples of the imaginative flights of evolutionists, and the liberties which they hold themselves free to take with the evidence. Fossils have an ugly habit of turning up in the wrong strata. *Equus*, for instance, appeared in strata which had been classified as miocene in an earlier geological map, which was naughty of *equus*, for he had no business to appear on the planet before his alleged ancestors had been born. So the map was hastily revised and the strata was re-christened in order that *Equus* might be bundled back into the period in which he was

permitted by the evolutionists to exist. *Equus* has been a troublesome creature in many ways. It is impossible to imagine two chance schemes of evolution terminating by accident in the production of one and the same type. If America and Europe had never been connected by a land bridge, it would be impossible for the accidental effects of natural selection to produce one and the same type, the extinct American *equus* and the extant European *equus* in different continents. Consequently, the evolutionist invents the land bridge. He upheaves the ocean bed and produces a land bridge for the *equus* to march across from one continent to another. Evolution is true. Therefore, America and Europe were once connected by a land bridge. How do we know that this land bridge existed? Because evolution is true.

The hypothesis of " overthrust " is very useful for evolutionists in distress if fossils will misbehave; the faithful must remember that faith can move mountains. Immense mountain masses detach themselves from their roots and start slowly creeping over younger rocks until they come to rest with the weary sigh of a rock which has done its duty. R. C. G. McConnell, of the Canadian Survey, comments on the odd fact that the surface soil does not appear to have been much disturbed by these vast thicknesses of rock which are supposed to have slid over the lower strata. Clearly the device of "overthrust" is a godsend to geologists who have difficulty in reconciling the position of fossilized beds with the evolutionary theory.

All of which had been foretold in Holy Writ, for it is David who tells us that " the mountains skip like rams "; and it was Isaiah who foretold the land bridge across which *equus* wandered from America to Europe, the land bridge " that led them through the deep as a horse."

Next month I hope to show that the attempt to explain the development of life as a mechanical and mindless evolution from simpler to more complex forms has broken down all along the line.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE most important event of the past month has undoubtedly been the Italian demand for the reform of the League of Nations, and this is likely to dominate international politics during the coming year. Reform is long overdue, and if the League is to continue to exist at all, it will have to be drastic. There is clearly something very seriously wrong with an organization which claims to be international, but which does not include the U.S.A., Germany, Japan, or Russia among its members. As always in recent years, it has been left for Signor Mussolini to take the initiative, and his call to Geneva to " cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," if it still wants the support of Italy, commends itself to the plain man everywhere.

The League has always had far less to fear from its enemies than from its friends. The hotheads of the League of Nations Union, such as Lord Cecil and Professor Gilbert Murray, and unpractical visionaries like Lord Davies, have desired to make it a super-State, and have in consequence alarmed moderate opinion. A good many statesmen, notably several British ones, have been beguiled in the same direction, and so the League has been subjected to a far greater strain than it could stand, with the present breakdown as the inevitable result. Its over-zealous supporters would do well to realize that the choice is not between the present League and a reformed League, but between the latter and no League at all. It cannot survive the withdrawal of Italy, which will take place unless reform is effected.

The Weakness of Geneva

IF the Genevan Humpty-Dumpty is to be set up again, an end will have to be made of the fallacy that all nations are equal in any other respect than status. No small part of the disrepute into which the League has

fallen has been due to the spectacle of States such as Czecho-Slovakia acting on an equality with Great Britain in the problems of the Far East (in this particular instance the whole world was led by M. Benes). There are the Great Powers and the lesser Powers, and unless the fact that there is a decided difference between them is going to be officially admitted by the League, then the latter will continue to be based upon a false premise.

Again, no reform can effect much which leaves the League identified with the political *status quo*. There is a great deal to be said for a strict observance of the Peace Treaties, but it is not a task for the League of Nations. Germany will never resume her membership while this state of affairs continues, and without her no international organization can function properly. If the League is to gain the respect of the world it must be as unbiased as British justice; at present it combines the parts of judge and counsel for the prosecution in all that relates to the Peace Treaties.

The German Attitude

IN this connection it is not out of place to quote a paragraph from Mr. Vernon Bartlett's admirable book, "Nazi Germany Explained":—

"Germany had little reason to like the League. The League Council had been mixed up in the decision which gave a large part of Upper Silesia to Poland. The League Council had to appoint the five members of the Governing Commission which is to rule over the Saar Basin until the plebiscite in 1935. The League Council had to appoint a High Commissioner in the Free City of Danzig to keep the peace between Germans and Poles. The League Council had to protect German minorities abroad under treaties that gave it no very adequate machinery for doing so. They were tasks that, for the most part, had been thrust on to a still non-existent League by tired and harassed delegates at Versailles, but it was only natural that the League's future should be compromised

in German eyes by its inheritance from the past. . . . In particular, Germans could not forget the League's unwilling share in the Upper Silesian decision, which, after a plebiscite giving 62·3 per cent. of the votes to Germany and 37·7 per cent. to Poland, awarded Poland fifty out of the sixty collieries, and 400,000 out of 570,000 tons of iron ore."

Admittedly, the legal difficulties in the way of dissociating the League from the Peace Treaties are enormous, while the fact cannot be disguised that more than one Power is interested in the League only so far as the latter represents a defence against any attempt to upset the settlement made at the end of the war. The Holy Alliance collapsed largely because it was based upon the maintenance of the *status quo*, and unless the League is reformed it will soon meet, and merit, the same fate.

The League Not Enough

EVEN if reform does take place, allowance must be made for discussions being held between the Great Powers direct, as envisaged by Signor Mussolini in the Four-Power Pact. The United States can never join the League as a full member while the American Constitution includes the provision that all the Government's acts in matters of foreign policy must be approved by the Senate. The adhesion of Russia and the return of Japan are extremely doubtful. For these reasons the Great Powers, whether members of the League or not, must be able to meet and work out their problems by themselves.

This proposal has caused a howl to be set up by the Little Entente, and M. Benes has hurried from capital to capital with even greater rapidity than usual. Yet the members of the Little Entente are continually holding conferences away from Geneva, and it is difficult to see why they should object to the Great Powers doing the same. The position of France is not an easy one, for her Eastern allies will fight tooth and nail to keep the League

in its present form, which suits their book very well indeed. If, however, France stands in the way of reform, there will soon be no League at all, and for ten years her policy has been based on her predominance at Geneva.

British Policy

MEANWHILE, our own Government appears to have seen the light, even if it be only the red light, and Sir John Simon has been instructed to co-operate with Germany on a non-Genevan basis. Some Ministers would have resigned sooner than agree to such a reversal of policy (it is only a few weeks ago that Sir John Simon was labouring to form a united front against Germany), but the present Foreign Secretary is, above all else, a great advocate, and he is prepared to argue any brief that is given him, irrespective of the fact that he may have appeared earlier as counsel for the other side. From his point of view this may be all very well, but it is fatal to British prestige abroad, where it is taken as evidence that we have no settled policy.

The lead that Signor Mussolini is taking should have been taken by Great Britain, and our admiration for the Duce's statesmanship must be tempered with regret that the initiative was not our own. In the circumstances, we can but follow where Italy has led, and it is to be hoped that in this matter, too, Sir John Simon will be content to retrace his steps. He has never shown himself sympathetic to the Italian standpoint, and it is to be hoped that his recent election to high office in the British-Italian League, which is supposed to further good relations between the two countries, is evidence rather of a change of heart on the part of the Foreign Secretary than of the simple faith of the members of that organization. Great Britain and Italy must work together for the reform of the League of Nations, and Sir John Simon must be instructed (the word is peculiarly applicable to the famous K.C.) accordingly.

The Spanish Situation

THE victory of the Right in the Spanish elections is the most heartening event that has taken place in Europe for many a long year. In spite of every effort to corrupt the Spanish people, both politically and morally, their Latin civilization has proved strong enough to resist all attempts to destroy it, and it is the forces of revolution, not those of order, which have gone down in the struggle. The Second Republic has never represented anything but the minority of Spaniards that called it into existence, as THE ENGLISH REVIEW has consistently maintained, and the fact has now been clearly established. Sancho Panza has pulled Don Quixote through once again.

In these circumstances it is not a little surprising to find *The Times* publishing, on December 5 last, a communication from its Madrid correspondent to the effect that the Socialist victories in the Spanish capital " should have a steadying effect " on the political situation. As the Marqués del Moral so well put it in his letter to the *Daily Telegraph* : " It would be interesting to learn when in the recent history of Europe a Socialist victory has had a steadying effect." One wonders whether Printing House Square will work for a Socialist triumph at the L.C.C. elections next March as an event likely to have a steadying effect in this country. The best commentary upon such an outrageous suggestion is the attempt at red revolution which was so soon made by the parties of the Left when they found that power had passed from their hands.

The Future of Spain

IT is to be hoped that the leaders of the triumphant Right will keep the restoration of the monarchy before them as their goal, and not commit the mistake of halting at any half-way house. It is obvious that this happy event cannot take place at once, and much time may have to elapse before Spain is ready to welcome a

monarch again. The chaos caused by nearly three years of extremist rule cannot be set right in a day. Fortunately, those who have led the Right to victory are men of the highest integrity, and they would scorn to play the part of a Horthy, who has usurped the place of his rightful sovereign.

In view of the erroneous statements which have appeared in the British Press regarding the Spanish Royal Family it may be as well to state the exact position. King Alfonso XIII has never abdicated, and is therefore *de jure* King of Spain. His two elder sons, the sometime Prince of Asturias and the Infante Don Jaime, have resigned their rights to the throne, and the heir-apparent is therefore the Infante Don Juan, who is serving in the British Navy. The Carlist claimant, Don Alfonso de Borbón y Este, is eighty-four years of age, and as he is the last male of his line his heir is King Alfonso XIII. There thus appears to be every hope that in the near future the differences in the Spanish Royal Family, which have helped the Left for a century, will soon be a thing of the past.

The Far East

EUROPEAN complications are having the unfortunate effect of distracting attention from the Far East, where events are happening that may well affect the world for the rest of the century, particularly in the economic sphere. Japanese competition is already making itself felt in every market, but what has taken place so far is as nothing to what is to come. In the past the rise of a nation, such as Germany or Italy, to the position of a World Power has always been accompanied by a rise in the standard of living, which has offset any initial advantage in the cost of production over its neighbours, but there is not the slightest reason to suppose that this will be the case with Japan. Europe has never before had to face the competition of an industrialized Orient, and there are therefore no precedents to guide us.

In addition, Japan is reaping the advantages of her Chinese policy. She has done alone in China what all the Powers should have done in concert. As for Great Britain, our influence in the Far East has been brought to nothing, for we have reduced our armaments to such an extent that not only Hong Kong, but Singapore as well, is defenceless. Had we not sacrificed the old alliance with Japan, and had we not allowed the League of Nations to dictate our attitude towards Manchukuo, the present state of affairs need never have arisen.

The Immediate Remedy

IN the twenties of last century a somewhat similar situation arose in the Near East with Turkey in the place of China, and Russia in that of Japan. Canning was then Foreign Secretary, and a good many people wanted him to adopt an anti-Russian policy. Instead, he worked with Russia, and by this means not only exercised a restraining influence upon her, but saved Turkey from becoming virtually a Russian protectorate. This is the line that should have been followed in the Far East during the past decade.

Even now it is not too late, and the first step must be the recognition of Manchukuo. Here is a large new State, with illimitable possibilities, in the early stages of development, and we, with over two million unemployed and our trade in ruins, have promised Geneva to have nothing to do with it. Could anything be more insane? Rather should we send our ablest diplomats and consuls to Manchukuo, and do everything in our power to see that Great Britain gets her share of this new market.

New Books

MR. HAROLD E. GOAD and Miss Muriel Currey need no introduction to readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, and they are warmly to be congratulated upon their recent book, " The Working of a Corporate State "

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 2s.), to which the Right Hon. Walter Elliot contributes a foreword. It is a veritable encyclopædia of information upon the subject of which it treats, and its low price should recommend it to all who wish to understand the most important experiment of the century. The present writer can bear personal testimony to the care which the authors have taken to ensure accuracy, and in consequence the volume is a faithful mirror of the Italian Corporate State.

Mention has already been made of Mr. Vernon Bartlett's "Nazi Germany Explained" (Gollancz, 5s.), and the highest praise that can be accorded to it is to say that it fully justifies its title. It is a provocative book, and by no means will all readers agree with Mr. Bartlett's conclusions, while certain aspects of his argument are open to the criticism that the author has not sufficiently allowed for the play of historical influences in German life. However, it is a book that certainly cannot be ignored.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HERBERT AGAR**

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Literary Notes

A True Poet

"COLLECTED POEMS," volume one, by V. Sackville-West (Hogarth Press, 42s., and, in a cheaper edition, 10s. 6d.) is a gratifying book both in content and in format. Miss Sackville-West chooses to call herself "a damned outmoded poet"—a true judgment according to the fashions of the day. But it is those fashions, and not these verses, which are damned.

The modern poet should not be blamed, or accused of wilful unkindness, when he offers only the harsh gratings of a discordant mind. It is not his fault; he was born into a world in which the conditions that make for acceptable poetry are almost wholly lacking. He has at least the honesty to express what is in him, and around him, and not to insult us by writing pretty verses, in the best literary tradition, about a world he

has never experienced. If a man's spiritual home is one of the giant-towns of the modern world (and this is the fate of most educated men to-day, no matter where they live), if he is a cosmopolitan both of mind and soul, rooted to no place in the present and feeling no organic relation to the past, why should not his verse be frustrate, painful, and indignantly ugly? Or else esoteric, based on a little private joke between himself and his friends instead of on some reality in the life of man? If such verse be treated as a symptom of our social malady, or as the best that can be expected from a poetry-starved age, it becomes respectable and even interesting. Its authors are certainly not blameworthy; but the people who do deserve blame are the critics who pretend that this really is poetry, that it is a new kind of poetry suitable to a new kind of world, rather than the cry of thwarted artists who find no poetry within them, or without. If the critics were right, then it would be necessary to take Miss Sackville-West at her own valuation and to say that she writes an outmoded form of poetry. But, in fact, what she writes is simply poetry, and if her readers find it outmoded " the wrongdoing is not hers, but hers the wrong."

Miss Sackville-West is among the few people of her generation who are capable of poetry because she possesses, and has indulged, a passion for the land. This has given her life meaning and solidity. She is not just another intellectual nomad. Whatever her mind may tell her about life (and her mind may be as modern, as nomadic, as Mr. Aldous Huxley's), in body and soul she has a home; she is not merely an inquisitive alien on earth, and she can therefore sing.

Her longest and most impressive poem, called " The Land," begins as follows :—

> I sing the cycle of my country's year,
> I sing the tillage, and the reaping sing,
> Classic monotony, that modes and wars
> Leave undisturbed, unbettered, for their best

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Her stroke sufficed in music, as her blade
Laid low the swathes; the scythesmen swept, nor cared
What crop had ripened, whether oats in Greece
Or oats in Kent; the shepherd on the ridge
Like his Boetian forebear kept his flocks,
And still their outlines on our tendered sky
Simple and classic rear their grave design
As once at Thebes, as once in Lombardy.

And she can sing not only with these grave notes, but also with a light gracefulness.

Cygnet and barnacle goose
Follow her where she passes
Barefoot through daisied grasses.

Briars blown straying and loose
Catch at her as she goes
Down the path between woodbine and rose.

Seeking to follow or hold her,
The silly birds and the thorn.
But her laughter is merry with scorn.

What would she say if I told her
That the goose, and the swan,
And the thorn, and my spirit, were one?

Some Economic Theories

IN "Economic Nationalism" (Figurehead Press, 10s.), Mr. Maurice Colbourne quotes the unflattering views of a number of modern leaders on the subject of the power of Finance in the world to-day. The most apposite of these quotations is from Mr. Chesterton: "The main mark of modern government is that we do *not* know who governs, *de facto* any more than *de jure*. We see the politician and not his backer; still less the backer of the backer; or (what is most important of all) the banker of the backer. . . . Throned above us all, in a manner without parallel in all the past, is the veiled prophet of Finance, swaying all men's lives by a sort of magic and delivering oracles in a language not understanded of the people. . . . Yellow journals talk a great deal about Red troubles. They ask indignantly where the Communist money comes from. But does anybody know where any money comes from?" In that last sentence Mr. Chesterton has, characteristically, asked one of the most important questions of the age. Who does know where money comes from? Practically nobody. But almost everybody seems quite certain that it is both impious and idiotic to tamper in any way with the present system of finance. If the banking system is criticized; if the gold standard is mentioned disrespectfully; if the fighting word "inflation" is let drop—almost everybody will respond with appropriate indignation and contempt, but few can justify their response with words

that show understanding. And this is true even of men whose judgment on a matter of practical, applied finance would be excellent. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, before trying to enlarge or alter the average man's views on monetary theory, you have first to teach him what he thinks he thinks, and why he is supposed to think it. As this is usually impossible, discussions of the monetary problem usually end where they began.

A public which has never mastered even the orthodox financial theory is naturally confused by the more heretical theories, such as that of Major Douglas. If there has ever been excuse for this confusion, there will be none in the future, for Mr. Colbourne's new book is a lucid and simple exposition. It is written in a maddening style, and with a facetiousness that will make the reader feel very unfriendly; but it is clear, accurate and complete. Nobody, henceforth, should permit himself to say that he cannot understand the Douglas Plan: the implications will be unflattering.

Anyone who is interested by Mr. Colbourne's book will find the same ideas presented with wit, rhetoric, and enthusiasm (and with an accompaniment of unkind cartoons directed against the lords of Finance) in Mr. Will Dyson's "Artist Among the Bankers" (Dent, 6s.). But before being lured too far afield by the economic heretics, the reader should turn to an admirable exposition of the present system by nine economists from Oxford. The book is called "What Everybody Wants to Know About Money"; it is planned and edited by Mr. G. D. H. Cole (Gollancz, 5s.). The political tendency of this book is toward the Left; but on monetary theory it is "sound"; that is to say, the authors believe that the existing system, under favourable circumstances, distributes enough purchasing power to buy the whole product of industry. The monetary heretics do not believe this, but hold that some form of consumer's credits should supplement the present distribution of purchasing power via wages, salaries, and dividends.

One of the Oxford economists, Mr. H. T. N. Gaitskell, has devoted a fair and beautifully clear chapter to criticizing this view. Anyone who reads this chapter, as well as Mr. Colbourne's book, and who masters the workings of our present monetary system as outlined by Mr. Cole and his colleagues, will at least "know where money comes from," and will be able to form a useful opinion on the chief practical problem of the age: how to devise a monetary system which will let us profit by the real wealth we have learned how to create. Mr. Colbourne's book is perhaps too simple (though not, in my opinion, misleading); but the Oxford economists show the problem in its full complexity. They do not, however, obscure it; they give their readers a fair and welcome chance to judge for themselves. But before judging finally, the reader will do well to see what the enemy, in the form of Mr. Colbourne, has to say.

The new biographers and Mr. Guedalla

By Hector Bolitho

ON the title page of the first volume of the life of Benjamin Disraeli, we read a quotation from one of his own novels, "Contarini Fleming": "Read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory." This was true enough in Mr. Disraeli's day, when there were biographers like Theodore Martin, and Dean Stanley and W. F. Monypenny, to eschew all theories in the building up of a conscientious and complete record of the life of their subject. But the fat Victorian biography, devoid of theories, is no longer read. The contemporary biographer scorns "Contarini Fleming," for the basis of his study is often theory: he uses facts mostly to clothe his pre-conceived notion of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, Queen Victoria, Gladstone or Disraeli. The only

available answer to the question, "Is this right or wrong?" is in the Charing Cross Road bookshops where the four volume biographies can be bought for a shilling or two, in spite of their obedience to "Contarini Fleming." The modern biographies, gay with theories and fierce with the author's own character and personality, are sold in single volumes costing anything from a guinea.

The masterpiece in the new school of biography is usually considered to be Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" in which one is so completely mesmerised by craftsmanship that biographical honesty becomes a secondary consideration. Any student of the original documents of the period knows how skilfully Mr. Strachey used facts to be the servants of his set ideas. The brilliance of his study of the Queen must always be discounted by the fact that Greville and Creevey were his main sources of information. With "Queen Victoria" one brackets M. Maurois' "La Vie de Disraeli," more penetrating as a study, because M. Maurois was able to comprehend the Jew, and his extravagancies of phrase and thought, in a way an English biographer could never do. More recently we have read Mr. Duff Cooper's life of Talleyrand and within the past few weeks, Mr. Stephen Leacock's wholly admirable life of Charles Dickens,* with the feeling that the art of writing biography is developing to a further stage in which authenticity and entertainment will go hand in hand. One of the most dazzling of the contemporary biographers is Mr. Philip Guedalla whose life of Palmerston lifted the weight of the Victorian tradition from our memories and allowed us to see an animated *Pilgerstein*, breathing, talking and writing in the Foreign Office: not buried deep in its dusty archives. Mr. Guedalla has written nothing greater than his life of Palmerston. His latest essay is a biographical introduction to the second volume of letters,† exchanged between Queen Victoria and Mr. Glad-

* "Charles Dickens," by Stephen Leacock.

† "The Queen and Mr. Gladstone," by Philip Guedalla. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 25s.

stone from the year 1880 to the year of Mr. Gladstone's death. Neither the subject nor the space allow Mr. Guedalla the freedom of Palmerston's story. One realizes that he is less entranced by the grave Liberal Prime Minister and that he is therefore less able to entrance his readers. But the shrewd introduction, almost bursting with plums, carries us on to the several hundred letters with more appetite than we usually have for anything Mr. Gladstone has written. For his voice and his oratory were the light of his power: they gave his platitudes and his moralizing a beauty which is lost in print. In his letters, conscientious and sincere as they are, Gladstone justifies Disraeli's impolite remark that he was "inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." Mr. Guedalla could never be verbose, for he is an artist in brilliant colours—sometimes too brilliant, sometimes lacking only the colour of a blue pencil. But there it is—a brilliant first act by Mr. Guedalla, which makes it possible to sit through the second act, by Mr. Gladstone, with surprising refreshment.

Mr. Guedalla has been a champion of Liberalism himself, so this aspect of the life of The Grand Old Man was safe in his hands. But Mr. Geudalla is as incapable of liking bores as he is incapable of being a bore. This, one feels, was his distress in gauging the achievement and character of the man who (like the Prince Consort) was blessed with almost every talent but that of a sense of humour. We turn again, through habit, to Queen Victoria's comment (not her own surely: perhaps whispered into her ear by the serpent, Mr. Disraeli) that Mr. Gladstone addressed her like a public meeting. Herein was Mr. Gladstone's failing. He was impersonal. He treated the Queen as the head of a comet rather than as a lonely, isolated star. He talked and wrote to her of God. This bored her, because she was a Lutheran at heart and she disliked living on public and chatty terms with her maker. Mr. Disraeli was wholly personal.

When he wrote to her, he restored her self confidence: when he came to see her, he went down upon his knees—he kissed her hands and he murmured "I plight my troth to the kindest of *Mistresses*." Mr. Guedalla would have us believe that the Queen was to blame for the mournful chapters of failure in Gladstone's story: her refusal to like him or to trust his passion for Reform. But surely the blame is less personal than this. Human beings are still divided into two breeds: those who follow Cromwell and those who linger with the White King. The Queen—none of us, can follow both. She hated reforms, as such, and even when they were adopted, for the good of the country, she continued to dislike the reformer. In this, she was wholly English. We accept reforms, but we never place laurels on the brow of the man who imposes them on us. Even now, there are pilgrims to the Stuart's statue in Trafalgar Square, and the flowers of homage are sometimes placed at the foot of the lonely pedestal upon which he stands. But who goes to Westminster to pay a similar tribute to Oliver Cromwell? We are equally loth (not to our credit) to like Mr. Gladstone's memory whole heartedly, and Mr. Guedalla's clever opening story, leading to the letters, enlivens our minds, but it leaves our hearts as cool as they were before.

Lytton Strachey

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES BY LYTTON STRACHEY. (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.)

No book ever appeared at a moment more propitious to its success than Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians." The world was sick of big guns and big phrases in 1918, and everyone with any leisure at his disposal was ready to listen to the ironical view of things. A personal memory will illustrate Strachey's instantaneous appeal at that time. In the early summer of 1918 I was in a prisoners of war camp at Mainz. One day some

books from England arrived for Alec Waugh, and he let me glance at them. "Who is this old bore?" I asked, picking up "Eminent Victorians," and opening it at the sketch of Dr. Arnold. The paragraph which met my eye began with Carlyle's praise of Arnold as a man who worked without haste and rest. This answered my expectations of a book with such a title. The next sentence suggested that Mrs. Arnold, mother of a numerous family, had good reason to endorse Carlyle's praise. Thanking Waugh for the loan of the book, I made off at a brisk pace, and he saw me no more that day.

The fame of Strachey was solidly established when I returned to England in December.

> Action is transitory—a step, a blow—
> The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
> 'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
> We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed.

The emptiness of the months which followed the Armistice was made less blank for thousands of Englishmen by Strachey's interpretation of the Victorian idealists and men of action, but as energy and hope returned Strachey's sceptical detachment began to jar on many of his former admirers, who decided that the persons he wrote about were, after all, better men than he was, and that it was a pity he could not recognize a Gunga Din when he saw one. The reaction against him was not, however, so violent as it might have been, partly because his innumerable imitators diverted to their own persons the blows which would otherwise have fallen on him, and partly because of the change of tone in the other two books which he devoted to action and affairs, "Queen Victoria" and "Elizabeth and Essex."

This change of tone, though it may have been assisted by prudence, was really a reversion to his natural romanticism. The realism of "Eminent Victorians," which was neither profound nor unintermittent, was in essence a protest against the vast convulsion of society which had forced even the most sequestered spirits to

take cognizance of the cruder aspects of reality. If the great Victorians had done their job properly, Strachey seems to have reflected, this collapse would not have occurred. If their world had been so solid as they pretended, it would not have tumbled into the greatest war in history. A little sifting of their pretensions would not be out of place, and accordingly he sifted.

But as the world reformed about him, his distaste for reality reasserted itself, and the consoling properties of the æsthetic approach to life became once more efficacious. His "Queen Victoria" and his "Elizabeth and Essex" are beautiful tapestries, not imaginative reconstructions of reality. He gives the charm of a childlike simplicity to even the most disagreeable traits of Victoria, and skims lightly over those aspects of Elizabeth which make her unacceptable as the heroine of a grand passion. Only in the Prince Consort does Strachey pierce below the surface, and in analyzing a man in some ways akin to himself reveal his own melancholy and loneliness.

When he treats of writers he is usually less decorative, and his "Books and Characters" touches a higher level than he reached in his portraits of men of action. His essay on Racine reversed the verdict on that great poet passed by English criticism, and his "Beddoes" turned an uneasy ghost into a living man. The present volume, which contains a number of essays contributed to periodicals over a period of twenty-five years, has nothing on the scale of the Racine and Beddoes studies; but it gives a fuller idea of Strachey's range than the earlier volume. That he had not gone very deeply into human nature appears from his "Militarism and Theology" and from his unfinished study of Othello. In "Militarism and Theology" he states as a truism that the religious motive has quietly slipped away altogether from the affairs of nations, and that the age of toleration is established for ever. In his remarks on Othello, he treats the play as a theme on which Shakespeare worked from the outside, and shows no sense of the internal necessity which at

that moment in Shakespeare's life made him attempt an imaginative solution of the conflict between his belief in virtue and his experience of human nature. That criticism has not lost much through this essay being unfinished may be inferred from such flashes as this: "At one of the supreme moments of Othello's tragedy . . . Shakespeare put into his mouth the astounding lines about the Propontic and the Euxine. What manner of man is this? We need no telling: it is the mariner, whose mind, in the stress of an emotional crisis, goes naturally to the sea."

On less exacting themes Strachey is always interesting, and there are a dozen essays in this volume where his feminine delicacy and directness are as surprising and illuminating as anywhere else in his work. One example must suffice. In his study of Lord Chesterfield, written when he was only twenty-five, he sees, as Jane Austen would have seen, and as a thousand obtusely masculine critics have failed to see, that Chesterfield was a bore. "His system of minute instruction," Strachey writes, "falls between two stools—it is either absurdly platitudinous, or uselessly vague. All the important things in manners are either so easy that it is not worth while teaching them, or so difficult that they can never be taught." This is the voice of a critic, not of an echo.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Books for the Sportsman's Library

No lover of foxhunting, or for that matter of any other branch of sport, in which hounds or sporting dogs play a leading part, can fail to recognize the importance of a book which has just been published by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, entitled "Hunting by Scent," written by H. M. Budgett, ex-master of the Bicester and Warden Hill hounds (1925–1931). Since Tuberville's "Booke of

Hunting" was published in 1576 a great many books have been written dealing with various aspects of sport, but as the author of "Hunting by Scent" says in his preface, "it is remarkable that no serious attempts have hitherto been made to investigate the means by which hounds are able to track their quarry," and he goes on to say that, "apart from a few casual references to scent (many of which are quite inaccurate) historians of the noble art of venery have avoided the subject, about which they admit that practically nothing is known." Mr. Budgett's statement is quite true, but I think that it is only fair to the early writers on sport to bear in mind the fact that science has made great strides in the last fifty years; and that the modern investigator has at his command not only written records of the researches of others, but also the advantage of improved instruments with which to test any theories which may arise during the course of the investigations.

I do not for one moment intend to belittle the importance of Mr. Budgett's book. He has done the work of a pioneer, and no matter how many books are written in future dealing with the subject, his name will always be remembered as being that of the first man who has made a scientific study of his subject, and written a book explaining the fundamental principles of scent in such simple language that they can be grasped by those of us who have not the advantage of a scientific training. One has only to read the book to realize that it is a labour of love, and that the author has spared neither trouble nor expense in his desire to get all the facts and to prove those facts to be unquestionably correct. He has not been content to take anything for granted, and he has accepted no statments that he has not proved to his own entire satisfaction. Not only that, but he has taken his readers into his confidence and explained to them in simple terms each theory as it has come up, and the reasons and investigations which have ultimately led to its adoption or rejection. The entire subject of

scent is gone into with a thoroughness that is hardly believable, and the conclusions which are ultimately reached must be of the greatest interest to anyone interested in the subject, whether he agrees with them or not. I find myself unable to agree with the comments made by a reviewer in a contemporary magazine who says: "At the moment we are not sure that he has made the huntsman's task any easier." It seems to me that any huntsman, in fact any student of the huntsman's art, cannot fail to benefit materially by a careful study of Mr. Budgett's book and by bearing in mind the principles set forth therein. One of the most attractive features the book possesses is the summary which follows at the end of each chapter, so that a student can tell at a glance the subjects discussed and the conclusions which have been reached. It is profusely illustrated, both by photographs showing the details of many of the experiments carried out by the author in the course of his investigations, and by a series of pencil drawings by that well-known sportsman-artist, Lionel Edwards, to whom the book is dedicated by the author.

Some years ago, another sportsman-artist, Mr. Cecil Aldin wrote a book which, under the title of "Ratcatcher to Scarlet," treated of some of the more elementary problems which confront the newcomer in the hunting field. In "Scarlet to M.F.H.," just published by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, Mr. Aldin takes his pupils a few steps further on, and deals with the problems which confront a young man who, having served his apprenticeship in the field, is desirous of knowing something of the problems which confront a master of foxhounds, mayhap with a view to ultimately taking a small pack himself. Mr. Aldin, himself a master at one time, is well able not only to write on such a subject, but to illustrate his remarks with a skill second to none in the portrayal of incidents which happen constantly in the hunting field, and the combination has given us a volume which should be in every hunting man's library.

It often happens that copies of books on foxhunting by noted authors who lived and wrote in the last century are difficult to obtain, and also very expensive and therefore beyond the reach of many who would greatly enjoy reading them were they able to obtain a copy at a moderate price. Under the title of "The Tavistock Library," a number of such books have been recently published by Country Life, Ltd., at a price within the reach of anyone interested in sport, and in several cases the original book is further made interesting by an introduction written by some modern writer thoroughly conversant with his subject. Two such books lie before me now: "Hunting Songs and Verses," by G. J. Whyte-Melville, and "Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman," by Thomas Smith, the latter with an introduction by Frederick Watson, an ex-master, and himself an author of note. Space forbids me to write an extended review of these books, which should be on every sportsman's bookshelf.

A. HENRY HIGGINSON.

Dr. Johnson

SAMUEL JOHNSON. By HUGH KINGSMILL. (Arthur Barker. 10s.)

MR. KINGSMILL'S admirable volume is packed with human interest, and marked by discrimination and occasional quiet wit. It is an unmistakable advance on his suggestive, amusing, half-clever, quarter-perceptive treatment of Matthew Arnold. The two books have this in common—that they keep a sharp eye to the tangible, earthy, decisive circumstances of a man's lot. It is by so doing that the author in this case lights up the depth of human feeling in Johnson. There were two tragedies lurking in his life, and one of them here stands out thoroughly clear: the early infection, the disease, the resultant (or partly resultant) melancholy and indolence that haunted him to the end. The other was a tragedy not for him only, but for the world, and it was due not to a contagion but to the absence of it. The world never got out of him a tithe of what was potentially there—not even through Boswell—and that not only because he wasted his life talking to literary triflers in taverns "when he should have been shaking England with the thunder of his spirit," but

because his mind and mould were far greater than his ideas, greater than the mental environment that had given him his bent. There was no early contagion of liberating thought. The world did not get more out of him because it did not put enough in. His mind was lamed, as has been alleged, but only from the want of freer use in the days of its growth. The proportions of his interest required an outlook as wide as Goethe's. The peculiar ability his brain possessed to focus all its perceptions instantly on a question, the ability that made him so pithy in talk and so rapid in writing when he was forced to it, his enormous latent capacity for work, his hot feeling, his mental will-to-grasp, in short, his tremendous temperament and power, should have made him a leader and enlightener of his time throughout Europe, of no less immediate influence than Rousseau and Voltaire, of however different a deliverance. The life-story of such a man, even the character-story, is in vital part the story of his thought, but that does not fall within the chosen scope of Mr. Kingsmill's work.

One of the merits of the book is the equally vivid picture and the acute analysis of Boswell and the tracing of how at some points his methods misrepresent his subject. Boswell appears as the "picador" as well as the intensely curious spectator. He goads Johnson with uncongenial questions to make him perform. "Curiosity," said Mrs. Thrale, "carried Boswell further than it ever carried any mortal breathing." Carried him *further;* that is the point. Despite incidental false emphasis, it was the degree of intensity of an interest that produced the best biography in the language. Oh! that he had been of a yet more freely ranging and of a more coherent mind and had come earlier in Johnson's history! We see, in point of method, a remote and humble kinship in this picador to the "gadfly" Socrates. How might not the movement of the human mind have been accelerated if a relentless questioner, with the curiosity of a child and the persistent push of an investigator, had fastened on many a self-indulgent mind like Johnson's to make it come out of its den and look about it! A fantastic analogy, but with how much human fact behind it!

R. E. HOBART.

Topical and Eternal

GATES OF HELL. By ERIK VON KÜNNELT-LEDDIHN. (Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.)
THE OPPERMANNS. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

BOTH these novels are propaganda rather than art, both are translations, both are extremely topical. Here the similarities

end, and the contrast begins—but it is the contrast that is important and instructive, for each book represents a point of view—a way of thinking about life and the contemporary world—and the two points of view thus represented are beginning a long death-struggle, a battle, the issue of which will determine the future of the Western world.

The Oppermanns are a German Jewish family. Herr Feuchtwanger presents them—indeed, all the Jews in the story—as kind, civilized, gifted people, who have lived in and loved Germany for generations. The story tells what happens to them under the Nazi Revolution. There is nothing much a reviewer can say about Herr Feuchtwanger's novels; they are uninspired, but animated by a somewhat heavy-footed motion; they are convincing as one reads them and they leave little trace in the mind afterward. "The Oppermanns," however, is propaganda, and merits consideration as such. It is unrelievedly hostile to the Nationalist régime, it pictures all Jews as noble and cultured, all Nationalists—in power or out, and without one exception—as feeble-minded and brutal to the point of inhumanity. One has no heart for pointing out that so prejudiced a view can have no truth or meaning—for one essential truth in such an argument is that the atrocities *are* atrocious. What one does object to—and what furnishes the theme for this review—is the fact that Herr Feuchtwanger has completely ignored the real significance of the Nazi Revolution. He regards it as a neurosis—in other words as a mental disease, from which a number of individuals suffer. Nowhere does he consider why the diseased individuals attained power; nor the fact that the Nazi neurosis is only the symptom of a vast social and spiritual malady.

This social and spiritual malady, and a cure for it, is the theme of "Gates of Hell." The author is avowedly writing Roman Catholic propaganda, but his canvas is the whole modern world, his drama is the conflict between good and evil, and his Catholic protagonists are happy martyrs in the interests of a Truth which they believe to be absolute and essential to humanity, so his *parti pris* has a dignity and persuasiveness, not to say a timely importance, which by contrast deflates Herr Feuchtwanger's thesis to the level of a private grievance.

"The Oppermanns" is the outcry of liberalism, i.e. it is outrageous that well-intentioned, humane people should be prevented from pursuing their individual destinies in peace. And yet, all over the world to-day, the tyranny of the State is

eradicating that supposedly "inalienable right." It is not enough to complain about it; it is necessary to think about it, analyze it, and then either accept or fight it. "Gates of Hell" is a battle-cry against all the conflicts which are tearing the world to pieces, and an impressive illustration of the universality of Catholicism.

"Gates of Hell" is not a good novel, but it is an absorbing document. It often sprawls in the attempt to cover every phase of human experience, it is at time didactic, at times naïve, and frequently crude, though some of this crudeness seems to be the fault of the translator. But it is often intensely dramatic, it is illuminated by a rare spiritual passion, and it cannot fail to be provocative to all thoughtful people, whatever their religious persuasion or lack of it. A large part of the story is concerned with the hero's adventures as a propagandist for the Church Militant in Soviet Russia, and the diabolical cruelties of the Soviet régime make the Nazi atrocities sound like the ragging of schoolboys—equally vicious in intent but at least restricted by the stern eye of the world. Above all, the Russians in "Gates of Hell" are as good and lovable as people are likely to be all over the world. The author feels for them the same profound pity he feels for everyone who is denied the dignity and purpose of his faith. It is only one-sided ideas that he is fighting, and he has written an important book because he has defined the issue which everyone to-day must face.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

Germany

GERMANY: MY COUNTRY. BY FRIEDRICH SIEBURG. (Jonathan Cape.)
AN EYEWITNESS IN GERMANY. By FREDRIK BÖÖK. (Lovat Dickson.)

THE apposite remark has been made that Hitler was born not in Vienna, but at Versailles. In effect, this is the theme underlying Fredrik Böök's "An Eyewitness in Germany," and nobody will deny that the National Socialist Revolution has derived a high percentage of its driving force from the disabilities imposed on the German people by the Peace Treaties and the methods of their execution. But this is by no means the whole truth, and the dissolution of the old German values which led to the Revolution must be in part related to the universal post-war disintegration that is symptomatic of victors and vanquished alike.

Herr Sieburg, who has already attained a world-wide reputation through his previous work "Is God a Frenchman?" has made a searching diagnosis of the spiritual and economic collapse of the

day, which has primarily a special reference to his own country, but is in part applicable to the whole of the suffering modern world. Herr Sieburg, representative of the Northern philosophy rather than of the Southern German outlook, is affected, no less than Keyserling, by the morbid Oriental pessimism which has invaded German thought for a decade and more. Indeed he inveighs actively against the Aristotelian cult of reason, and postulates a counter-theory which, while nebulous in its main theses, explains with great force the condition of mind into which the majority of Germans had drifted and the revulsion from it that is at the basis of the new Youth movement which is National Socialism. As understood on these lines, the Third Reich is a great deal more than a mere political resurrection. Herr Sieburg's book was written before the Revolution, and he says prophetically, " The mood in which we confront the future is strangely compounded of a stupendous, almost blind, volition and of an immense weariness." Notoriously the distinguishing German features are individual loneliness, an indifference to possessions, a strange lack of attachment to soil and nationality, a desire to serve and obey somebody or something, a belief in a vague destiny, an innate sense of fairy-tale mysticism, coupled with a love of work for work's sake and irrational standardization. The depression following on the War had intensified these qualities, but seemed to have left permanently ungratified the misty aspirations which they involved. The void had become so universally felt, that the German had almost begun to exult in a sort of spiritual and economic nudism: while the moral cleavage with the outside world had so widened under the political isolation, that the nation had long since been heading for a declaration of specifically German, in a sense barbaric, values, but above all for a programme which would weld it into an organic whole and thus end the disintegration once and for all. It is this which explains not merely the acquiescence in the destruction of ordinary liberties, which the Revolution produced, but the general enthusiasm with which it was hailed. It especially explains the new national militarism, which, Herr Sieburg is at pains to emphasize, differs fundamentally from the Wilhelmian or feudal type. It is the old German love of organization for its own sake, based on " the right to a military morality," and, if we are to believe what we are told, is purely the expression of national self-consciousness and entirely devoid of any spirit of aggressiveness towards foreign countries.

Mr. Fredrik Böök, approaching the problem from another and

less philosophical angle, has studied National Socialism at work, and, with certain reservations, is disposed to agree that there was no other outlet for the pent-up forces but the movement which has monopolized them and which he describes as "the world's best disciplined revolution." He devotes considerable space to a discussion of the pros and cons of anti-semitism, but puts forward no adequate solution of this many-sided controversy. Mr. Böök pays a whole-hearted tribute to Hitler himself, and makes a good point in insisting that it is his personality as the embodiment of anti-Marxist Labour which has dealt the real blow at Socialism. But, like everybody else, he deplores the inclusion in "Mein Kampf" of amateur doctrines of race-philosophy and race-biology, and is severe on many aspects of the *Gleichschaltung*, particularly where it has taken the form of dragooning the Press and the Universities, though he approves to some extent the *auto da fé* of pernicious literature. Sobriety is nevertheless, he says, slowly returning, and, when the inevitable excesses are a thing of the past, the living faith and the romanticism which the movement have inspired will be not only wholly worthy of admiration but innocuous to the outside world.

J. D. GREGORY.

Catholicism

NOW I SEE. By ARNOLD LUNN. (Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.)
THE SPIRIT OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON. (Sheed and Ward. 3s. 6d.)

PERSONAL records of conversion are in the nature of curiosities. Any road may lead to it, and, compared with the goal, the particular twists and turns of one chance traveller have little interest for others than his friends, and only an exceptional literary gift can add largely or permanently to this number. Mr. Lunn's road has been that of reason, his adventures those of controversy, and the texture of his book is like that of a partly frozen pond, with lumps of argument in an expanse of cold water. The style scarcely conveys the vision implicit in his title. An apter description would have been I Had Not Thought of That. In other words, we feel that integration has not yet taken place, that (in Newman's phrase) "the whole man" has not "moved," but that he has argued himself into the Catholic position. Ignorance of these arguments is so widespread that any statement of them is welcome. I only mean to remark that the statement of them here does not convey conviction but, more strictly, a good case. The pond of his reason has not yet become a solid, and one picks

one's way across it from one angular lump to another. While I would always prefer a book of apologetics in which the arguments are orderly and skilfully set out, this preference will not be shared by those already attracted by Mr. Lunn's writings, or more interested in the road of any one man than in the recognition that gives meaning to his journey. I can only hope that many, feeling with Jacques "From these convertites there is much to learn," will try Mr. Lunn's adventures in argument, for, if they do, they will prove his contention that the case which convinced him only equals in extent the extraordinary ignorance concerning it. In these pages that ignorance receives some wholesome knocks. It was high time.

Now for an example of integration.

With incomparable brevity Mr. Dawson has written the best short book upon the Oxford Movement. He seems to have read and digested its sources, its critics, and its disciples, and has somehow combined sketches of the men with the spirit that he discerns to have inspired them. If he passes over the emotional appeal that the Movement had, and retains, the reason is no obduracy in himself. It is rather because this appeal was an effect only. Its source was a driving power, an intellectual core, which he identifies with "an attempt to restore the Catholic conception of an objective supernatural order and the Catholic idea of divine authority" in the Established Church. He shows the Movement to have stood "for Authority and Tradition against Liberalism, for Supernaturalism against Rationalism and Naturalism"; against, in short, Modernism in all its forms, both Christian and secular, and in the beginning political. It stood for reason against all the forms of sloppiness that group themselves under "the spirit of the age." From this everything flowed, but the flowings were incidental, and we are invited to observe how the incidentals have since become the fundamentals of the heirs and successors of the Tractarians. The core has gone. Hurrell Froude takes a prominent place by his power of inciting the intellects of others, and this little book incites us because Mr. Dawson's thought has cut down to the original core of thought in the Tractarians. It is a solid and brilliant piece of work.

OSBERT BURDETT.

A Cross-Road of History

DERBY AND THE FORTY-FIVE. By L. EARDLEY-SIMPSON. (Philip Allan. 15s.)

THOSE who may have thought that there was nothing new to say about the Forty-Five will be undeceived before they have

read a dozen pages of this book. Indeed, it is difficult to know which to admire the most—the author's erudition, his style, or the soundness of his judgments. As Mr. John Buchan very justly observes in his Introduction, Major Eardley-Simpson "puts every student of Jacobitism in his debt," and his description of the events during those memorable hours when Prince Charles Edward was in possession of Derby is so vivid that it is with difficulty one realizes that the author was not himself an eye-witness. In future, no scholar can claim to be acquainted with eighteenth-century England who has not read this book.

The volume begins with a detailed analysis of Jacobite feeling in 1745. Many of us had already come to the conclusion that it was far more extensive than is commonly supposed, but Major Eardley-Simpson, as the result of the most careful researches, gives us additional chapter and verse for our belief. When Pulteney told the Elector of Hanover in 1742 that two-thirds of the nation was Tory he was clearly not exaggerating, and it is significant to find that what would to-day be termed the proletariat was overwhelmingly Jacobite. With a wealth of detail, for which no praise is adequate, the author shows that the usurper's throne had no other basis than the support of the ruthless Whig oligarchy, which had not the slightest compunction in maintaining its position by the aid of foreign mercenaries. George II actually led the British troops at Dettingen in a Hanoverian uniform.

Possibly even more interesting, because less generally known, is the fact so well brought out in this work, of the miserable condition of Cumberland's forces, whom the author describes as "starved, tired, and in rags." There were no troops between the Prince and St. James's that could have withstood the Highland charge for five minutes, and Major Eardley-Simpson is thoroughly justified in holding the view of the late Lord Rosebery that had the Jacobite army advanced from Derby the capital must have fallen into its possession. In this connection, too, he has much to say as to the attitude of the Welsh, the West of England, and of the Londoners themselves.

Enough has been said to show that this is one of the most important historical works of recent years, and there is no class of reader to whom it will not make an appeal. Above all, it is written as history should be written, that is to say, with accuracy and breadth of vision.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

1934 promises to be a better year than 1933. It may even be conceivably a year of reduced taxation. The British Empire is optimistic; there is no thinking of war, but we shall do what we can to make the Three Defence Services of the Crown justify the true meaning of the word "Defence." Thank goodness the majority of British people possess the spirit of sport which overcomes the forebodings of pessimists. The public are interested in what horse will win the Grand National or Derby or whether England will retain "the Ashes."

* * *

THE Loch Ness "Monster" stands out, at least many think, as the most absorbing topic of the Clubs, a news item without equal, to which the papers have hardly given it its due. The scoffers at the "monster," those who declare it is a whiskey publicity stunt, and those who infer that the eye-witnesses of the monster's activities are suffering from "mass hallucination" or are wilful liars, will, it seems likely, have to alter their tone and tune. For the Right Reverend Sir David Oswald Hunter Blair, Bart., a monk of the Order of St. Benedict and who has been in turn Headmaster and Lord Abbot of the Monastery at Fort Augustus at the western end of the loch, expresses his deliberate belief in its existence and even goes so far as to classify it as an amphibian, capable therefore of living both in and out of the water. If the most recent reports are correct the worthy Lord Abbot may have hit the mark, for it has been seen taking exercise on the shores of the loch.

* * *

THE Lord Abbot places the "beastie" as belonging to a species that existed in the Devonian period scores of millions of years ago. He considers it has both lungs and gills, four rudimentary lys or paddles, and is about 30 to 35 feet long, with a remarkable neck, long and flexible, broad shoulders and a large, broad, flat tail which can churn the water of the loch to some purpose when it is taking its sea bath. And the learned cleric adds to this the information that its distinguishing characteristic is in its skull, which consists of but one single bone.

* * *

I have no desire to meet the beastie on land unless provided with a tank gun, but I have a very distinct recollection of coming down to the shores of the loch at Drumnadrochit and being told I had just missed "his lordship," but nevertheless it was vigorously churning the waters as if it were the engines of a big ship, and this could easily be seen. The gillie and another friend with me were certainly not suffering from hallucination.

* * *

AFTER all, the Lord Abbot cites as witnesses a number of residents on the loch side, skilled workmen under the Forestry Commission and their foreman, a naval officer and his wife, students and servants at Fort Augustus Abbey School, nine independent travellers who all saw the animal when it was above water—and there are many more. Such cumulative and independent attestations cannot be put aside by professional "pooh-booers" in the press.

* * *

AS it is, I believe, there is now a regular cordon of watchers around the loch side, armed not with rifles but with cinematographs and cameras. And if their

quest is successful, what then? Loch Ness will be invaded by all the scientists on earth and there certainly will be a new name to an old brand of whiskey.

* * *

THOSE who have kept the Christmas and New Year festivities well may find a complete relaxation of mind and body in the 42-days' cruise of the "Orontes," of the Orient Line, to Madeira and the West Indies, which begins on the 23rd instant. They will have the sunshine of the Islands when winter's grip is fastened on the homeland.

How many people miss their opportunities in life, not only in business but also in pleasure, and take "substitutes" for the real thing. One point about this cruise is that the size of the "Orontes" enables those who do not wish the "gala" side of a cruise to be over emphasized to travel in quietness and comfort: in other words to have a real rest as well as magic sunshine and a much needed change of air and scenery.

One of the places to be visited is Dominica, the most beautiful, as many think, of all the group of the West Indies.

* * *

AND while some bask in sunshine, others will be enjoying Winter Sports in Alpine valleys. This year those who are not over proficient on skis can learn the art to perfection, for the Swiss are starting ski-ing tuition on a wide basis to cover the needs of all visitors. A Swiss Ski School has been begun, and intending visitors will find full particulars of its work either in Switzerland on arrival or at the Swiss Federal Railways Office in Regent Street.

* * *

ONE never knows when the knowledge of ski-ing may be useful. It came in very opportune in North Russia in 1919 when British troops had to use skis across the snow-clad country, and those who could not use them were at great disadvantage.

It were well that everyone knew how to skate or ski as well as to swim or ride. In other words our education is incomplete without the knowledge.

* * *

WHAT a pity it is so few people have the art of being good letter writers. Not one professional man in twenty can write a letter in clear and effective English without making some grammatical error. Service men are the worst offenders. Young men from the 'Varsities are a good second. It is only the older generation that seem to know how to write good English. I was looking the other day at the letters of six young officers—one in the Royal Corps of Signals, one in the Guards, two in the Infantry of the Line, a cavalry man and a gunner, and not one of them but made a number of grammatical mistakes. This could so easily be corrected by a short course of training at the Regent Institute, which can be done through the post. It only means the employment of some leisure hours profitably.

* * *

THERE has been so large a sale of "blue shirts" in the Free State that the makers have been unable to keep pace with the order. As it is there is an order for 70,000 more outstanding which cannot be supplied. Irishmen who cannot get them are, I hear, ordering from across the Channel. They might do worse than try the "Luvisca" pattern which Messrs. Courtauld sell and of which, as I write, I have an excellent sample in cornflower blue. These shirts are a combination of artificial silk and cotton of the highest grade.

* * *

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Correspondence

Is Evolution True?

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Many must have appreciated Mr. Arnold Lunn's article in your last issue, and probably hope that his inner awareness, expressed in his book "Now I See" will so amplify his vision, as to impel him to examine, not only the evidential standards of modern scientists, but to apply that same reasoning to the undoubtedly vanishing basis upon which the whole Evolutionary Theory rests.

That those evidential standards are deplorable is obvious, and well illustrated in his reference to "The grotesque bluff of Mr. H. G. Wells and Professor Julian Huxley in claiming the continuity of Evolution as proved by sea urchins."

An examination of the evolutionary doctrines of the "Vestigial," "Re-Capitulation," "Similarity of Form indicating a Common Origin," "The Reading of the Fossils," and "Teaching of the Primordial, against the Azoic School of Geology," in the light of what is now known, will provide many illustrations that the mind of many Evolutionists is not amenable to the impact of facts.

Is there not room for a book on the "Humour of the Evolutionary Theory"? It might disperse its fog, and help in the banishment of that barrier of bigotry—whether begotten of egotism, or confirmed materialism, which so successfully suppresses in College, School, and Press, all discoveries which deny the validity of its tenets.

Harvey left it on record that he never knew a Doctor over forty who believed in the circulation of the blood, and the mind of some Evolutionists seems equally closed to what is happening around them.

The four insuperable difficulties which Darwin enumerated against his own theory, e.g. "Absence or Rarity of Transitional Forms," "Development of Organs of Extreme Complexity," "The Development of Instincts," and "The Sterility of Hybrids," all still warn the Evolutionist that he is unconsciously misleading the mind of man by confusing the evolution of the conscious with the evolution of the body.

The filling in of important empty spaces with romance is puerile evasion.

Fortunately, however, we know that the Authority of Science is circumscribed by the Authority of Truth, and that the "Science" of Authority is often error.

As Anatole France once said, "A thing is true for a time," meaning, not that truth ever alters, but that new collateral facts prove the original concept untrue.

"We do not know how Life began on this Earth," says Mr. H. G. Wells, but he does not seem to object to the Evolutionist introducing the conjurer to fill in an important gap, by extracting it in the first instance from inorganic carbon compounds. The domain of the conjurer, however, is the stage; that of the scientific investigator, the laboratory.

[*Continued on page* 132.

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W. MORLEY MARTIN.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The following passage occurs in Mr. Arnold Lunn's article on Evolution: "Now, it is easy to show that though evolution may be a plausible theory, it is far from being a proven fact, and consequently those who protest against the teaching of evolution to the young as an infallible dogma are fighting the battle, not of religion, but of science."

It is difficult to know to whom Mr. Lunn is referring, but probably I am one of them. Indeed, I think I am nearly the only one engaged in school teaching who is moving in the matter. The question was raised in a recent article of mine in the *School Science Review* in which I mentioned, as one of the things that every educated man ought to know, "the main fact of the evolution of life."* I have also called attention to the question by writing to the heads of two Catholic schools in which I have taught, inquiring how the suggestion was likely to be received. The replies, though not encouraging, were not as discouraging as might have been expected.

The first comment that naturally suggests itself is that no one wishes to teach evolution as an infallible dogma. There are no infallible dogmas in science. Outside the plain facts of observation and experiment there are no dogmas, merely theories of varying degrees of probability. It is one of the curious paradoxes of science teaching that, after having, in the early stages, taken considerable trouble to explain simple generalizations such as Boyle's and Charles' Laws, we have later on to emphasize that they are not true, or, to be more precise, that they are merely approximations valid to a considerable degree of accuracy within a limited range. At the same time, some of the theories, such as the atomic theory, have so passed the test of time, have explained so many facts unknown to their authors, have been confirmed in such a variety of ways, that we are entitled to regard them, for all practical purposes, no longer as theories, but as facts. I contend that the theory of the evolution of life is one of these. To define precisely what is meant, I ought to say that by the theory of evolution is implied, not any particular theories, such as natural selection, or the inheritance of acquired characters, which are intended to account for evolution, but the principle that the forms of life in one geological period are directly descended, by the ordinary processes of reproduction and change, from some of those in the preceding one.

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* Vol. 14, June 1933, p. 460.

The teaching of this in an ordinary science course has been greatly handicapped by the widespread idea that it is contrary to the Christian faith. Sir Ambrose Fleming, whose book I have read on Mr. Arnold Lunn's recommendation, appears to be of this opinion, and, being of a strictly evangelical faith, cannot help being strongly prejudiced against the idea of evolution. On this point I am glad to note that Mr. Arnold Lunn holds a different view, for he commences his article by saying: "All Christians are free either to believe or to reject the theory that the body of man has been evolved from the body of animal ancestors." So far so good. If the great bulk of Christian believers could be persuaded to adopt the same view, the difficulty of prejudice which has handicapped science teaching would be removed. Mr. Lunn is a recent convert to the Catholic faith, and, as such, I trust his statement will carry weight. As one who has studied the Catholic faith without, as yet, being fully convinced of its truth, I can only regret that he has not given greater prominence to this aspect, instead of proceeding to deal in a violently controversial manner with questions which (I hope he will pardon my saying so) he does not understand so well.

Mr. Lunn occupies the remainder of his twelve pages in arguing that evolution is only a plausible theory, not a proven fact. In so doing, he must not be surprised if those who have made science their special study classify him with those who believe that the Earth is flat. Mr. Lunn need not feel too hurt at the analogy, for not only do the two arguments arise from the same fundamentalist origin, but the intelligent advocates of the flat earth theory, who do exist, can put forward a case that is quite reasonably plausible, until it is carefully examined. So, needless to say, does Mr. Arnold Lunn.

Now it is obviously impossible to controvert Mr. Lunn's arguments in a short letter. I, therefore, can only say that I have read them carefully, and, *in so far as they are intended to show that the case for what he calls major evolution is not proven*, they carry, to my mind, no conviction whatever. I say this as one who, like Mr. Lunn himself, has had some biological training, but is not a professional biologist, and it is to those of his own grade of biological knowledge that his arguments ought to appeal. Mr. Arnold Lunn's contention that evolution is not proven, being somewhat *outré*, is naturally of interest to the readers of a journal such as this, whereas the statement of the arguments for evolution, being ordinary and obvious, is, apparently, of small interest to anyone. I, therefore, ask to be allowed to express the opinion that the case for the evolution of the forms of life is overwhelming, and that the answering of Mr. Lunn's arguments would not be a very difficult task.

Yours, etc.,
H. S. SHELTON.

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